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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

Debris of the Summit

L. BRENT BOZELL · JAMES BURNHAM · FRANK S. MEYER

Stevenson: Twice-Burnt Offering

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Must Conservatives Reject Keynes?

No: ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

Yes: HENRY HAZLITT

Articles and Reviews by . . . NOEL E. PARMENTEL JR.

HUGH KENNER · WILLMOORE KENDALL · RUSSELL KIRK

RALPH DE TOLEDANO · JOHN LEONARD · FRANK GANNON

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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher
EDITORS
L. Brent Bozell James Burnham
John Chamberlain Willmoore Kendall
Frank S. Meyer
MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla L. Buckley
PRODUCTION EDITOR: Mabel Wood
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden
WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT: Sam M. Jones
ASSOCIATES
Frank Chodorov, Jonathan Mitchell, Morrie Ryskind
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: David Franke
CONTRIBUTORS
C. D. Batchelor, John C. Caldwell, John Abbott Clark, Peter Crumpet, Forrest Davis, A. Derso, Medford Evans, Finis Farr, J. D. Futch, Aloise B. Heath, Karl Hess, Hugh Kenner, John D. Kreuttner, Suzanne La Follette, J. B. Matthews, Gerhart Niemeyer, Revilo Oliver, Maureen B. O'Reilly, E. Merrill Root, Richard M. Weaver, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Garry Wills
FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS
London: Anthony Lejeune
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn
CIRCULATION MANAGER: Charles J. McHugh
ADVERTISING MANAGER: Michael M. Mooney

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For the Record

Will Nehru replace now tarnished Macmillan in backstage liaison between the Kremlin and the White House? Washington diplomatic sources believe it's in the cards. . . . East German refugee flow doubled since Summit breakdown. . . . Usually well-informed German news magazine Der Spiegel claims American U-2s had mapped virtually "every square centimeter of the USSR" by the time of the Powers mission. . . . Worker now finds CIA chief Allen Dulles, like his friend Konrad Adenauer, a fascist at heart. The reasoning: in the twenties Dulles was associated with Schroeder Bank interests which financed Ruhr industrialists who in turn financed the Nazi party, etc.

Did Jack Kennedy make a deal with Southern wing of his party? According to persistent rumors, Kennedy promised that if elected he will choose his Attorney General—who handles Civil Rights enforcement—from a list of candidates submitted by Southern Democrats. . . . A bust, the Jacob Javits for Vice President trial balloon. . . . GOP party pros startled by grassroots talk (surely a joke, say the pros uneasily) of a Goldwater-Rockefeller ticket. . . . Jackie Robinson, in New York Post columns, no less, indicates he may vote for Nixon in November after Nixon has been "freed" from "conservative, go-slow policies of the present occupant of the White House."

Americans will pay for government this year more than they will spend on all food, clothing, medical care and religious activities combined. . . . Under Housing Act, federal government will finance one sorority and eleven fraternity houses for the University of Arizona. . . . South Korea now asking U.S. to pay cost of Korean government crisis as part State Department operation.

Robert Morris, who lost his primary battle against Senator Clifford Case in New Jersey several weeks ago, appointed President of the University of Dallas. . . . Federal Judge Bryan refuses to dismiss the final income-tax evasion charge against the Rev. Adam Clayton Powell Jr., despite heated argument by defense counsel Edward Bennett Williams that case was legally defective through "meddling" by a magazine editor in Powell's indictment. . . . Comment of sardonic New York Daily News columnist Robert Sylvester on Khrushchev's press conference performance: "Who does he think he is, Jack Paar?"

The WEEK

● We were going to write a learned editorial about the UN debate, as is our bounden duty, but we just couldn't bring ourselves to it. The sight and sound of Andrei Gromyko droning on about American "perfidy" and "aggression"—as if he wasn't even trying to convince himself, much less anyone else—put us as thoroughly asleep as many of his council-chamber auditors looked in the TV screen. We will say for Ambassador Lodge that he kept his reply short (less than a quarter of the Gromyko verbiage) —though, frankly, we know several single words that would have been adequate.

● Talk about academic freedom, the students at Princeton seemed to be practicing it. At any rate, 388 of them expressed a preference for Richard Nixon for President in a poll last week as against 344 for Stevenson. The Princeton faculty had no such trouble in making up *its* mind. It came out for Stevenson—16 to 1.

● Don't be too surprised if Governor Nelson Rockefeller shows up at the Republican Convention after all. And whether he does or doesn't, don't be *in the least* surprised if his supporters in the New York delegation and points west continue to talk up his name right to the very brink. The Governor is a stubborn man, and he *much* prefers Nelson Rockefeller to Richard Nixon as President of the United States. He had a chance to make a great leap forward as the Summit shattered, but he muffed it—not being able to open his mouth quite quickly and eloquently enough, or yet to keep it sternly shut. But he hasn't given up.

● Once upon a time the waters of the Red Sea parted to let the fleeing Israelites escape the Nassers of antiquity. Miracle Number One! Now it seems that Red Sea Miracle Number Two is in sight. An Egyptian oceanographer has come up with a plan for putting a huge dam across Red Sea waters at the Straits of Bab El Mandeb. It would, so the estimate runs, involve five years of work and a total cost of $15 billion to be paid for in power revenues over a period of fifty years. By walling off the Red Sea from the Indian Ocean, it is estimated that the Red Sea evaporation rate—1,500,000 cubic feet of water a second in excess of what is replaced by rain!—would soon create a "head" in the Indian Ocean that could be used to run huge generators. Scientists think the plan is practical—and Egypt's Dr. El Sayed Mohamed Hassen estimates that his scheme, far from creating power to be wasted in an industrial desert, would promote an industrial growth that would provide 110 million jobs for currently poverty-stricken Arabs, Somalis, Ethiopians and Egyptian fellaheen.

● *From a Paris dispatch,* May 19: "President Eisenhower exchanged greetings with Frenchmen and foreign tourists in the crowd around the two shrines, Notre Dame Cathedral and Sainte-Chapelle. In the Sainte-Chapelle, the curator showed him gold coins of the time of Louis IX and remarked that the currency had never been devalued in his reign. 'Praise the Lord,' said the President, who shares the anti-inflationary sentiments of the late King."

● Despite the supposedly restrictive policy of the Eisenhower Administration, the nation's total public and private debt rose last year to $846.4 billion, which was 8.6 per cent above the figure for Dec 31, 1958. With the gross national product jumping to $480 billion as compared to a GNP of $442 for the year before, what becomes of the theory that "growth" is something that belongs peculiarly to inflation-minded New and Fair Deal Democrats?

● Don't mention it to Fidel Castro, but it begins to look as if Venezuela is about to cross him up. The Secretary of Venezuela's Democratic Action Party, which controls the government, has said that a "people's insurrection in Venezuela" is both undesirable and impossible. To back up this contention, the government has begun to move to the constructive Right in economic matters: It is defending the exchange value of the bolivar, and has arranged for a $150 million loan from the strict International Bank for Reconstruction and Development to provide for roads, communications and irrigation projects. The "new beginning" proclaims the premises that Venezuela should be made safe for private investment, and that good relations with the U.S. will continue.

● A few of the epithets used by a well-known public figure in a single passionate speech a couple of weeks ago: "bad," "evil," "abortive," "bumptious," "harmful," "destructive," "perverse," "vicious," "sanctimoniously cruel," "degrading." Premier Khrushchev expressing his mid-Summit feelings about President Eisenhower? Try again. Just a sprinkling of Representative James Roosevelt's compliments to the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

● Six years have passed since the Supreme Court, in Brown *v.* Board of Education, gave its orders to the tides of history. Today only 6 per cent of the South's Negro students attend classes with whites, most of these in border states where Negroes are

scarce and where integration had begun, under the influence of economic, population and cultural changes, long before the Court spoke. In the states of the Deep South—Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina—the schools remain segregated. Prince Edward county in Virginia has abandoned its public school system rather than integrate. New Orleans, faced with a court order to integrate this September, may be the first large southern city to follow that example: the white parents have voted six to one to abolish public education rather than accept even token integration. Reality once more confirms the lesson that King Canute tried to teach from his throne pitched by the sea.

● The New Hampshire Methodist Convention, meeting May 21, considered the case of pacifist Willard Uphaus, now in jail for refusing to submit a list of guests at his world fellowship summer camp. "If the person chooses to disobey the law for conscience's sake," said the delegates in a refreshing break with mawkish sentimentality, "he must be willing to abide by the consequences of the act—the consequences being the price he pays for a free conscience."

● In Indiana, the Butler University Young Republicans endorsed Senator Barry Goldwater for President. They will continue to work for Nixon's nomination and election, they explained, but want to express disapproval of his stand on such issues as the Connally Amendment and federal aid to education. For the same reason, the Earlham College mock convention almost nominated Goldwater. He was a "serious contender" also at Valparaiso and Taylor universities. At a meeting two weeks ago of Midwest Youth for Nixon, 70 per cent of the delegates—representing 20 states—backed Goldwater for Vice President. *And* adopted resolutions "unalterably" opposing federal aid to education, supporting the Connally Amendment, backing the loyalty oath and non-subversive affidavit in the National Defense Education Act, and opposing "the Forand bill and any other attempt to institute socialized medicine in this nation." Another resolution said in effect: withdraw recognition of Russia. Mr. Nixon's student supporters are, it would seem, trying to teach their leader.

● A conservative-libertarian summer school will be sponsored June 20 to July 16 by the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists and the Tuller Foundation for the Advancement of Economic Understanding at Grove City College, Pennsylvania. The costs of tuition, room and board will be met by the two sponsors. The curriculum will include a course on economics and a course on public speaking and debate. Interested students may write the Tuller Foundation, Tuller Building, Red Bank, New Jersey.

Adlai Stevenson Unfurls His Umbrella

It looked at first as though Adlai Stevenson was marooned, but one by one (see "National Trends") the leaders of the left wing of the Democratic Party have joined him. Lyndon Johnson and Sam Rayburn, speakers for the moderate wing, have refused so far to join in the repudiation of Mr. Eisenhower's stand at Paris. Harry Truman, whose visceral patriotism can usually be counted on to prevail over his addled wits in a crisis, has so far been ambiguous: no one can tell from his sponsorship of the statement by the Democratic Advisory Council whether he simply wants a roisterous inter-party shooting match, or is actually setting up quarters at Camp Appeasement.

It is too early to predict whether the Democratic Party will become the organizational instrument of appeasement, but the movement to make it that has gathered steam. Its ideological leaders are Walter Lippmann, George Kennan, Linus Pauling, David Riesman and Norman Cousins, just to mention the most dedicated. Their advice: yield. Most of them are leaders formally or ex-officio, of SANE (the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy). Their approach to the problem of Soviet imperialism was extrapolated by Allen Drury in his novel, *Advise and Consent*. His committee was called COMFORT—the Committee On Making Further Overtures For a Russian Truce. *Their* man was one Robert Leffingwell, Secretary of State Designate, whose rhetoric, *mutatis mutandis*, is indistinguishable from that of Adlai Stevenson, the inarticulate premises of whose foreign policy emerge more and more clearly: 1) war is out of the question; 2) Russia will settle for less than war; 3) give her that-which-is-less than war, and keep giving as called for. Or, as a COMFORT slogan put it: "Better to crawl on your belly to Moscow than be hit by an A-bomb."

Like the COMFORTers, today's collaborationists exploit every political, religious and cultural impulse in America whose wheels synchronize at any point with their own. The other night at a big rally in Madison Square Garden, SANE *et al.* trotted out old Alf Landon, who beckoned as Cyrus Eaton already has done to the old isolationist bloc. (It was not in the script that when Governor Landon insisted America stay militarily strong he should be booed by the many Communists in the audience.) The pacifists are all over the movement. Anarchists, materialists, nihilists—each is pulling an oar. Khrushchev is the coxswain. Their movements are at his timing. He roars at Eisenhower, and they roar. He is pacified, and they relax. The idea is to win the race for domestic political control of American foreign policy in the next election.

We predicted in the issue before the Summit meeting that a principal objective of Soviet foreign policy in Paris would be to divide the Democratic and Republican parties in order to take advantage of the relative leftwardness of the Democratic Party. The Communists may have succeeded and we may this summer at last see a great debate. NATIONAL REVIEW has never favored a bipartisan foreign policy as such: too much mischief gets done in its name. But we do not fancy what could be done to the nation by the kind of debate that may be ahead, with one side standing by the necessity to defend freedom all over the world as the best means of securing our own, and the other side favoring a piecemeal surrender.

Post-Summit Parenthesis

About the preliminaries to the non-Summit on both sides of the Curtain, there is much that is debatable, and much that is puzzling. But on two points that are being batted around by the appeasers there is no excuse for either puzzle or debate.

First, "the timing" of Powers' U-2 flight. To send him off "on the eve of the Summit," according to the Stevensonian critique, was a frightful instance of "failure of communication" between Intelligence and Policy, of clumsy disregard of diplomatic needs, and so on. In typical brinksman fashion we were risking a Summit bustup, which in the event did occur. Blame for "the Summit failure," thus caused by our clumsiness and lies, rests on our shoulders.

Second is the "no-notice," limited "communications alert" ordered by Defense Secretary Thomas S. Gates from Paris on May 15, the day before the scheduled Summit opening. This, our appeasers wish us to believe, was the final act of stupidity and sabotage by the warmongers in our midst, that wrecked the chance of "a fruitful East-West confrontation."

The criticism on both points is irresponsible, malicious and absurd. On technical grounds the timing of U-2 flights was determined by the over-all objectives of the program, and by complex weather, personnel equipment and other physical requirements. On strategic and political grounds, it is precisely the "unexpected," "illogical" movements that raise most imperatively the problem of surprise moves. The fact that it was the principal Soviet holiday of May 1, a Sunday, and a fortnight before a projected "friendly" conference was all the more, not less, reason to be on guard. Our intelligence services would be derelict indeed in their duties if they suspended operations every time a member of the Presidium chatted about coexistence or condescended to talk to representatives of the West.

Similarly in the case of the alert, Secretary Gates wished to test a new communications system which, among other things, enables the President to maintain as close liaison with the armed forces from abroad as from Washington. Obviously such a test can be carried out only when the President is in another country. This means, generally speaking, when he is involved in international negotiations.

A military test, moreover, is not—or should not be—conducted for the convenience of journalists and TV cameras. It is seriously a test *only* when it is "no-notice," and therefore disconcerting.

Strategically, politically, Secretary Gates knew by May 15—from the reports of Prime Minister Macmillan and President de Gaulle of their interviews with Khrushchev, if he had not realized it earlier—that the Summit would blow its top. His alert could not possibly have hampered negotiations that were never in any case going to take place. In truth, this was not a mere "exercise," but a sober response to the real possibilities: proof, as Arthur Krock concluded, of a "vigilance that should be reassuring to the American people."

What is far from reassuring is the assumption of the appeasers that the objective of our foreign policy must be to avoid any action that might disturb, irritate or counter the Masters of the Kremlin.

On with the Tests

Senator Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut finds the logic of the Administration's position on nuclear tests hard to follow. He sees no practical difference in the formal agreement not to test nuclear weapons to which we subscribed from October 1958 to the end of 1959, and the current "voluntary moratorium" which replaced it last New Year's Day. The effect is exactly the same: no tests. The United States has allowed twenty months to go by without testing those smaller, cleaner tactical weapons and warheads that are vital if we are to keep ahead of the Soviet Union in the arms race. Senator Dodd warns that the danger is not that the Soviets might reject Western proposals for inspection and control of underground blasts, now under consideration at Geneva, but that they may accept them in whole or in part.

"For the life of me," he explained on the floor of the Senate, "I see no point to a detection system which would cost several billion dollars to install and probably another billion dollars a year to operate and which would still leave the Communists free to sneak-test any device up to the size of a Hiroshima-type bomb." Senator Dodd suggests we carry the diplomatic offensive to the Kremlin in this manner:

1) We propose a test ban based on the President's

open skies plan, plus unlimited right of ground inspection.

2) If the Soviets reject this, we propose, as an alternative, an immediate ban on all tests that contaminate the atmosphere.

3) If the Soviets reject this, also, we announce that we ourselves will voluntarily observe a moratorium on such tests.

4) We announce our willingness to extend the ban to other categories of weapons tests, if, as and when enforceable methods of inspection are developed.

5) We leave ourselves free to resume tests above the atmosphere and underground; commit ourselves to announce all tests publicly; start arming our NATO allies with nuclear weapons.

Senator Dodd's diagnosis of the situation and suggestive curative measures seem to have the backing of Atomic Energy Commissioner John A. McCone, who admitted last week that the suspension of nuclear tests has been a "greater disadvantage to the United States than to the Soviet Union." While it has held back development of American atomic weapons, Russia could have been making "dramatic and important" improvements in its arsenal, he believes. Mr. McCone's statement could be the tipoff that the Administration is now determined to bring the Geneva talks to a decision, or to break them off altogether and get on with the tests. It is hard to see how anything less could make sense after Khrushchev's Paris performance.

What Kind of Medical Care?

Let us begin with a fact: the care of old people whose lives have been preserved past the Biblical span is often difficult, tragic and costly. The problem is magnified by the break-up of our rural and small-town life, in which grandmothers could sit by fires in large houses and do the mending chores for the family. Living in apartment and Levittown style does not leave much space for grandmothers.

The fact that the elderly are increasing in number —there are now 15 million Americans over the age of 65—does not mean that we have a "lump" condition with which to contend. While statistics may be quoted to show that some 80 per cent of the elderly have less than $2,000 annual income per capita, many of these are members of families having much more.

Many old people are still working; others have company pensions. As a group they have raised their children, sent them to school and college, and have tapered off on their needs for amusement, education and travel. An elderly person with a home and an income of, say, $1,000 a year may sound like a poor relation—but many brothers and sisters in large families that are considered well-to-do have no more.

What are the medical needs of the 15 million "senior citizens," as they are patronizingly called in our loathsome modern social worker idiom? Some 50 per cent of the aged have some form of private health insurance. The Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare has himself estimated that 70 per cent will be covered by private insurance within five years. For the American population as a whole, the growth of private medical insurance coverage has been phenomenal. At the end of 1959 some 127 million persons, or 72 per cent of the population, were covered by private policies—which is double the figure for 1950, and four times what it was in 1945! Moreover, there is every expectation that voluntary medical insurance will continue to multiply.

At the bottom of the statistical pile, there are the 2 million-plus people who are on old-age relief. How vulnerable are they to medical emergencies? In accordance with conventional medical custom, the doctors take care of patients in this group without much expectation of fee. The cost of such care is willingly borne by the doctor (and his wealthier patients) as part of the price of maintaining non-socialized medicine. Call it ransom money if you will, it still is less expensive to the community than if it were to be blanketed into the cost of administering old-age medicine bureaucratically from Washington. The doctors do, of course, get something in most places for their benevolence in taking care of the indigent: in forty-two states (leaving just eight to go!) there are subsidized local medical care programs, which paid out $290 million dollars last year

to cover hardship cases in the 65-and-over group.

So where do we come out of the statistical go-around? There would seem to be a demonstrable need to extend medical insurance to cover those who are completely dependent on social security for their current income. But if close to three-fourths of the total population of the United States now has medical insurance in various patterns and combinations of patterns, why not put the heat on the private insurance companies to promote their own plans for pensioned workers? And why not more local initiative to meet the undoubted need for nursing homes?

The trouble with such schemes as the Forand bill (which would add medical insurance to the cost of compulsory social security) and the "voluntary" bill backed by Eisenhower (subsidized private insurance plus subsidized medical giveaways to the very poor) is that they are actually quite callous. Highly inflationary in themselves, they disregard the effects of inflation on the ability of even the moderately well-to-do to meet their own doctors' bills. By cutting the value of the dollar in half in the past twenty years, the government itself has been primarily responsible for raising the index of medical costs by 85 per cent. If the inflationists aren't careful, we'll all be sick, sick, sick from the damage that an inflation-created dependency wreaks on the psyches of citizens of all ages.

This statistical talk does not, of course, bring any immediate balm to a cancer patient, or an arthritis patient, or a heart patient, who is suddenly confronted with a huge hospital and doctor bill to pay out of a $2,000 to $3,000 annual income. But if there must be help for such people, wouldn't it be better to provide temporary, direct aid from local sources until such time as the private insurance principle has bridged a transitory gap? What is needed is a conservatism-with-a-heart that will go to work at voluntary and local levels to solve the problem.

If we can't uncover such a conservatism, the future will go to the Forands. And as Forand-type legislation feeds upon itself we might eventually go the way of Welfarist Sweden, where high compulsory medical insurance coexists with the world's highest suicide rate.

Maybe They've Got Something There

In the British Parliament, May 11, opposition members demanded a government statement on possible RAF reconnaissance, *à la* U-2, over Soviet territory. *Mr. Ward replied for the government*: "It has never been the practice to disclose either the nature or the scope of intelligence activities. In my judgment it would be contrary to the public interest for me to make any exception to this practice . . ."

A Labor spokesman persisted: "Can you give an assurance that no aircraft from bases here will be used for spying on Russia or any other country?"

Mr. Ward: "I am not confirming or denying anything. All I am doing is respectfully refusing to answer these questions."

Where is Israel?

From what seems to be unimpeachable evidence from converging quarters, we gather, though he has never been formally tried, that Adolf Eichmann, former agent of the Gestapo and Lt. Col. of the Nazi S. S., is one of our century's ugliest monsters. As chief of the Nazi bureau charged with "the solution of the Jewish question," Eichmann is generally believed to have had a primary hand in exterminating hundreds of thousands of Jews. West Germany has long sought him for trial under German laws and procedures.

No tear will be shed for Eichmann. Still, we can not suppress a twinge of uneasiness at the news that came May 23 from Israel. Premier David Ben-Gurion announced to the Knesset that Adolf Eichmann was "under arrest in Israel." He will be tried for his life according to a hitherto unused law written in the Israeli book: "A person who has committed . . . during the period of the Nazi regime, in an enemy country, an act constituting a crime against the Jewish people . . . is liable to the death penalty."

What disturbs us is this. Where and how, and by what claim, did Israeli security agents arrest Adolf Eichmann? It was not within the national boundaries of Israel. That much has been officially admitted, and unofficial rumor speaks of "a Latin American country." Do the agents of Israel exercise the right, then, to take a man into custody, wherever he may be, if he is in their disfavor?

And what exactly is the juridical meaning of "a crime against the Jewish people"? We understand a crime *against a state*, defined by statute or the established tradition of common law. We read of "crimes against humanity" in the Nuremberg indictment; but the subsequent trials were an act, not of a nation or state, but of an ad hoc international military tribunal administering the will of the victor on the vanquished. The UN's Genocide Convention refers to crimes against a race, but nowhere assigns jurisdiction to any single nation beyond its own citizens and boundaries. This "crime against the Jewish people," perpetration of which by anyone, anywhere, at any time, becomes subject to the unilateral and sovereign judgment of the sole state, Israel, has

no precedent that we are aware of in the jurisprudence of civilized societies—save for those *crimes against the German people* which the Nazis defined so broadly and punished so grimly.

The crimes, however dreadful, that are ascribed to Adolf Eichmann, a citizen of Germany, were committed in the years prior to 1946. Eichmann was not and is not an Israeli citizen, nor was any deed of his done within Israel's geographic boundaries. In the years prior to 1946, indeed, the nation and state of Israel did not yet exist.

We find the implications, we repeat, disturbing—and dangerous.

By the Rockets' Red Glare

You would be hard put to it to locate a college library where the *New Republic* isn't conspicuous on the current periodical shelves. Here is how its post-Summit issue (May 23) summons our Youth (Hope of Our Future) to the embattled ramparts:

Editorial, page 4:

> It was Khrushchev, after all, who had worked hardest to drag the Western leaders to Paris. He had watered down his ultimatum on Berlin for the benefit of Mr. Eisenhower at Camp David; he had placated de Gaulle's Great Power vanity through a preliminary visit to France; he had been on appropriate occasions a model of sweetness and light so as to strengthen Prime Minister Macmillan's faith in the promise of negotiations. And he had done all this, though he believes in eventual victory of Communism, because, it appeared, he has no taste for the Pyrrhic victory of an atomic war, preferring victory in so-called "peaceful competition" . . .

Henry O. St. Onge, commenting on the U.S. admission of U-2 survey flights, page 13:

> There can be no better illustration of the philosophy of ends justifying means. And how, only a few years ago, America rejected McCarthyism for its trifling with truth and honor.

Jean Daniel, page 7:

> First it was Turkey, then Korea, and now it is South Viet Nam. Tomorrow it will be Greece, then Spain. A long list of Western countries had attempted to erect anti-Communist bastions which are in the process of disintegrating from within, of breaking asunder even without Chinese or Soviet subversion: Western mistakes alone will have confirmed the prophecy of Mr. Khrushchev that capitalism is its own grave digger.
>
> There comes a time when the most thoughtful newspapermen ask the question: "Are we not showing the world that Western values have failed? Aren't all these students in all the countries that we have protected now discovering for themselves that our system is corrupt and that it is supported only by the power of the past?"

In This Issue

. . . we feature, needless to say, a discussion of the collapse of the Paris meeting. The analyses of Messrs. BOZELL, BURNHAM and MEYER, though each concentrates on a different aspect of the problem, are complementary. . . . PROFESSOR WILLMOORE KENDALL, who has been in Europe since September on leave of absence from Yale, to complete a book (*A Long Farewell to Majority Rule*), or maybe even two books, was at all the press meetings relating to the Summit; and we were to hear from him, but did not. Perhaps for the next issue we will have his post-mortem. Meanwhile, his reflections on time, history and confusion will be found in the book section.

PROFESSOR ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG, co-author of *The Fabric of Society,* a lecturer at the New School, has had formal training mostly in Europe in economics, philosophy, psychology and political science and spent several years in a prison camp in Italy perfecting his Italian and Latin. He is convinced that conservatives should look upon John Maynard Keynes merely as an economic technician whose prescriptions are ideologically neutral. HENRY HAZLITT, author of *The Failure of the "New Economics,"* the most detailed and extensive critique of Keynes' *General Theory,* dissents emphatically.

NOEL PARMENTEL JR., who celebrated the opening of the Nixon headquarters in New York a few months ago ("Chix, Kix, Pix, Nix"), does the same thing for Senator Jack Kennedy ("Hax, Fax, Jax, Pax"). . . . We have from ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN a brilliant analysis of events in the Belgian Congo which we plan to publish next issue. Incidentally, Dr. K-L will lecture once again this fall in the United States. There is no more entertaining, stimulating or learned speaker in the business. If you want to hear him or have him address your group, write to him at Lans, Tyrol, Austria.

C. D. BATCHELOR's cartoon this week, with its echo of English 32 and David's famous painting, sprang from an idea sent on by Colonel Joseph Bryan of Washington and Richmond, whose delightful book of Civil War tales and reminiscences gleaned from a Virginia upbringing (*The Sword Over the Mantle*) has just been published by McGraw-Hill. . . . PROFESSOR HUGH KENNER finds that John Lehmann's memoirs reflect, with easy and languid charm, the collective trance of Britain in the forties. . . . The verbal avalanche from the toppled Summit forced out RUSSELL KIRK's usual page on the quirks of our schools, but he compensates by an analysis of two specimens lately added to the sociological zoo. . . . Midway between his former job at the NR office and his studies at the University of California, JOHN LEONARD proves why Ted Williams deserves his honors; and RALPH DE TOLEDANO considers the musical vogue of Berlioz.

National Trends

S and K

L. BRENT BOZELL

Adlai Stevenson may have managed to create an issue between the parties. He did it by taking a distinctive line on foreign policy and by persuading much of the Democratic leadership to follow his lead. In the early days of the crisis, at the Conference on World Tensions in Chicago, he called for an end of "ideologies" and a fusion of the free and Communist worlds in a "human city." The day Khrushchev blew up the Summit, Stevenson volunteered that the U-2 incident had given the Kremlin "no choice but to protest." The day after K had defamed America at the Paris press conference and repeated that he would deal only with a more congenial U.S. government, S accused the present U.S. government of giving the Kremlin the tools to wreck the conference. It seemed for a while that Mr. Stevenson—at least among Americans—might stand alone on his strange platform. Then, one by one, such party leaders as Humphrey, Symington, Kennedy, Williams and Mansfield gathered at or close to his side. By week's end, the left-wing-dominated Democratic Advisory Council had declared it a Party Matter. Because the Administration permitted the Summit meeting to collapse, the Council said "the Eisenhower-Nixon foreign policy is in shambles."

It is Mr. Stevenson's privilege to attack the Administration's foreign policy. It is also his privilege to attack it for exactly the wrong reasons. It is even his privilege, in the course of doing so, to turn his back on the civilization on which his country was nurtured and which it now leads—and so to scandalize and shame his country. When, however, it seems possible that he may bring along with him a great political party, one that may soon ascend to national power, then Mr. Stevenson's mad meditations are a matter for corporate concern and there is cause for general alarm. The Republican Administration's duty then becomes not to justify a party but to justify a nation. This requires more of the Eisenhowers and the Nixons than political homilies and sloganeering. It requires them to admit, as well as to defend. It requires that they seriously teach.

The lesson, to be sure, cannot be taught like French. There are unponderables and unknowns. Nobody can be sure why Khrushchev did just what he did just when he did it. Some data remain hidden. The relationship of various factors to each other—was x, for example, a catalyst or a cause?—is often obscure. There is the irrational element. Still, the main writing can be seen large and three general propositions made out.

Berlin and Nuclear Blackmail

1. *The Kremlin believed that if the Summit meeting came and went without the West having made substantial concessions on Berlin, its nuclear blackmail weapon would be neutralized for the time being.* If K had left Paris with everyone smiling and nothing much changed, the Kremlin would no longer feel it could *believably* say to the West (whether about Berlin or anything else) "yield a little or face the possibility of nuclear holocaust."

Note the limitations of this statement. It does not say that the USSR faced collapse by having its bluff successfully called; only that it stood to lose one of its cold war weapons. Nor that this particular weapon would be lost forever; memories, after all (especially Western ones), are short. Nor that the weapon would *really* be lost; only that the Kremlin feared it would be because it figured the West would be acute enough to learn from its victories. Nor, finally, does the statement adopt any view as to *who* in the Kremlin was responsible for this estimate. Kremlinology is not an uninteresting study; but what confronted the West at Paris, and confronts us now, is a corporate Soviet position, and it makes little difference for these purposes whether the position originated with Khrushchev or Suslov or Malinovsky's aunt.

The statement nevertheless says something. The Soviet Union has many weapons in its cold war arsenal, some more useful than others. None, however, is more vital than this one: the ability to make the West retreat in order to avoid the risk of war. By calculated design, Khrushchev chose to make Berlin the supreme test of this weapon's usefulness. He was probably foolish to have bet so much on a hand so important to the West. Having done so, however, he was obliged—if not to win the hand—to break up the game before the West could win it. Berlin, for its own sake, was important to Khrushchev; retaining nuclear blackmail as a weapon of political warfare was even more so.

2. *The Kremlin became convinced, possibly as early as April 20, but certainly no later than May 8, that the Summit would not yield concessions on Berlin.* It was clear almost from the beginning that Khrushchev did not expect his Berlin ultimatum to produce immediate results. Time and again he toned it down or put off its deadline or breathed new fire into it—all depending on what tactic seemed most likely to bend the West's will. During the first three-quarters of 1959 things went slowly, but on the whole well. The West called a foreign ministers conference; then offered some concessions at Geneva; then tried to pacify Khrushchev by inviting him to the United States; then conceded, through Mr. Eisenhower, that the Berlin situation was "abnormal." During this entire period, let us note, Khrushchev was quite evidently counting on the person of Dwight Eisenhower—an Eisenhower enthralled by his role of Prince of Peace—to deliver the final prize.

But from October forward, things moved less well from Khrushchev's point of view if, indeed, they moved at all. Thanks largely to the maneuvers of de Gaulle, the Summit meeting was several times postponed. More important, American statements on Berlin became increasingly intransigent; the line firmed up.

On April 20 Under Secretary Dillon delivered his remarkable speech asserting with unprecedented clarity and spirit that the U.S. had no intention of changing its mind on Ber-

lin. Because of the timing of the speech—it was less than a month before the Summit was to begin—Khrushchev very possibly came to a firm conclusion at that time that Dwight Eisenhower, for all of his temporizing, was not to be had on the Berlin issue. In any event, five days later, at Baku, he reasserted the hard Soviet line on Berlin, and began to talk ominously about the diminishing prospects of "success" at the Summit. On May 8 Khrushchev received a secret communication (Western diplomats, of course, were aware of it) from NATO's soft sister, Harold Macmillan, advising that his efforts to budge the Americans had failed. Whatever hopes had remained of substantial Western concessions now vanished.

3. *Once it accepted the prospect of failure on Berlin, the Kremlin made preparations to blow up the Summit under circumstances that would leave its nuclear blackmail weapon intact*—i.e., *over a matter that had nothing to do with Berlin.* While the situation was still fluid, in other words, the decision was made—should Eisenhower remain adamant—to break up or call off the Paris talks in a way that would divert the world's attention from the fact that *Khrushchev had neither fished nor cut bait over Berlin.* There were a number of issues over which the Summit could thus be wrecked: U.S. stubbornness on disarmament, foreign military bases—and, as K would soon discover, spy flights.

The U-2 Flight

Into this situation Pilot Powers flew his U-2 on the morning of May first. Much concerning this flight remains a mystery, but not everything. It was, as such things go, a routine mission: as Moscow knew, it was one of many such flights in recent years. It was also one of several that Powers himself had flown. The U-2 had taken on extra tanks at its takeoff point in the Middle East, and Powers was instructed to fly across the Russian heartland to Norway, and to photograph the terrain below. The purpose of the mission: to gather data for target maps. (The operation was absolutely essential, incidentally, if the U.S. was to retain espionage parity with the USSR: since it is an open country, the U.S. is unable to shield its military installations from conventional espionage operations.) To date, such flights had proved extremely rewarding. What apparently were Soviet rocket pads, for example, had been clearly pinpointed. This May Day was sparkling clear in Central Russia, and Powers' superiors sought to take advantage of the weather to acquire still further data. Had they taken into account the possibility of a diplomatic incident in the event of a mishap? Of course, but Washington did not believe that Khrushchev would expose the vulnerability of Soviet air space by publicizing such a mishap; nor, of course, did it expect a mishap.

When the U-2 was in the vicinity of Sverdlovsk a mishap occurred. U.S. officials believe that Powers lost altitude because of a mechanical failure, possibly a "flame-out," and that the plane may have been hit on the way down by Soviet fighters. They rule out altogether the possibility that the U-2 was shot down at cruising altitude: the Soviets have neither planes nor rockets for the job. The U.S. believes further that Powers catapulted himself free of the plane, and that yet another mechanical failure prevented the plane from blowing up automatically. On the question of the poison needle, it was included in the event Powers needed or wanted it. The U.S. does not instruct its agents to commit suicide on the grounds, interestingly, that Americans have been found reluctant to do so. Finally, Washington believes Powers talked more than he should have. His instructions had been not "to tell all," as USIA director George Allen was later to imply, but to limit himself to such information as was already established by physical evidence. Is it possible that Powers worked for Khrushchev? Yes—there is no external evidence available to Washington that excludes the possibility. But the U.S. believes otherwise on the grounds that Powers was a proved and highly trusted agent and that the external evidence was not inconsistent with belief in his loyalty.

Regardless of whose spy Powers was, Khrushchev was now at liberty to publicize the incident or not to publicize it. This is the central fact of the episode, the rock on which Stevenson's provocation theory founders. Khrushchev *had* to make a fuss? Not unless he wanted to. Indeed, the Kremlin's normal reaction would be to say nothing and thus keep the world in the dark about the startling weakness of Soviet air defenses. But at the moment, Khrushchev was open to suggestions on how to torpedo the Summit without giving away the fact that his bluff had been called on Berlin. To use the U-2 as an excuse entailed certain risks, of course. For if Khrushchev called attention to Western spy flights and raised a hullabaloo over them, the situation would automatically harden and it would be difficult for the Kremlin to change its mind about wrecking the Summit. After the U-2 issue had been raised, in other words, there would be no way to avoid a Soviet humiliation except for Eisenhower to apologize and accept an American humiliation —or for Khrushchev to break up the conference.

Macmillan worked hard to elicit the apology from Eisenhower, and he very nearly succeeded. Had the Briton prevailed, Khrushchev may well have gone ahead with the Summit on the theory that a total American capitulation on U-2s would more than offset his failure to get concessions on Berlin. Thanks, however, to the steadying influence of de Gaulle and the strong anti-appeasement counsel of Messrs. Bohlen (!) and Herter, the President agreed not to apologize. He gave Khrushchev part of what he wanted by the wholly unnecessary promise to call off the flights, but apologize he did not. Whereupon Khrushchev lit the fuse.

Was the Summit, then, an American failure? In a sense it was, but not in a sense that Stevensonism can understand or do anything about. U.S. foreign policy, since Eisenhower's inauguration, has had two faces. It has sought both to be "firm" and to "relax tensions." It has therefore been at war with itself—for these two are opposites. To the extent one of them has succeeded, the other has failed. At Paris the Administration's appeasement face was slapped and *détente* exposed as a horrible and demeaning fraud. Yet its firmness side triumphed! There is no shooting, nor any prospect of it, and Berlin remains in the West.

S would have had things exactly the other way around, as would K.

What Happened To the Summit

JAMES BURNHAM

I think that the Martian scouts, in their dispatches from the saucers, probably reported that the 1960 Summit meeting broke up before it began because neither side had anything to say.

International diplomatic gatherings do not initiate but merely record and formalize changes in the international power equilibrium. How could it be otherwise? Nobody is going to surrender over a green table if he has been victorious on the battlefield. The correspondence between conference rhetoric and power realities may not be quite 100 per cent. Mistakes can be made, and a sly diplomat can put something over on an unwary opponent. But by and large the first reflects the second.

In spite of all the preliminary bombast, neither side was ever wholly sold on the Summit. For Khrushchev, the idea of a Summit was one element in his coexistence tactic. In the coexistence campaign, with its mixture of blandishment and threat, his objectives have been: the disarmament of the West, psychological and physical; the weakening of NATO; the isolation of West Germany, and more specifically a breach between West Germany and France.

Khrushchev was also seeking world acceptance of the Soviet conquests; and of himself, Nikita, the Russian chief of state, as peer of the chiefs of the West. This last motive—with its roots deep in Russian history and in the psychology of the *nouveau arrivé*, the plebeian wafted to power—seems to me significant in explaining the personal form of many events of the past few years and weeks, if not their substance. Khrushchev, as an individual and as a symbol for Russia, wants to be accepted by the Club. He thought he could gate-crash his way over the red carpets of the world capitals, through the salons and weekend retreats of the Western rulers. The Summit—in Paris, naturally—was the meeting of the Membership Committee that would OK his application couched as an ultimatum.

President Eisenhower never had any real hankering for the Summit. He let himself be pushed toward it by the cajoling of his political (not military) advisers; by the weakness, fears and internal problems of our allies; by what he took or mistook for domestic public opinion; by his own illusions and sentimentality; and by his rather idolatrous dream—paralleling Khrushchev's longing for acceptance—of going down in history as Peacemaker of the World. So, though the President knew nothing very much could come of the Summit, he persuaded himself that it might take "a few steps" toward an "acceptable" Berlin solution, an "acceptable" test ban or disarmament measure, "concrete" moves toward "lessening the danger of surprise attack" and "relieving tensions."

Ebbing Expectations

By the middle of April it had become clear to both sides that neither the one nor the other set of expectations, however modest, was going to be realized. Khrushchev knew from his trip to France that his project for a French-West German split and a NATO breakup had failed, for this round at least. He knew that the West was not ready to yield anything substantial on Berlin. He had discovered from the long Geneva negotiations that, in spite of his Total Disarmament blast at the UN last summer, the West's "acceptable" conditions for disarmament were unacceptable to him. And he was beginning to suspect that in some odd and incomprehensible way these soft, muddle-headed old Western fogies, by some instinct rather than rational design, were maybe giving him a runaround, and weren't planning to OK his membership after all.

President Eisenhower had learned, by mid-April, that Khrushchev was not going to make even a token offering to the Summit's "success"; nothing on Berlin, arms, tests, surprise attack, Germany; not even on "underdeveloped countries" and "exchange of information."

So both sides began to harden, and to flex public muscles: Khrushchev's Baku speech, foreshadowed in Indonesia; the Dillon speech; the East German declaration on Berlin; adjournment of the disarmament conference without even a communiqué; Washington's announcement of new nuclear tests. . . .

What the U-2 Said

Then came the fall of the U-2, which was permitted—by both sides—to trigger the fission. The incident—minor enough in itself—could have been played down or brushed under the rug, by either side or both. Both chose, in haste and truculence, to blow it up to Summit size.

Both sides miscalculated, as often happens when a political move is made in haste and passion. The United States could not maintain the impossible *public* position that the flights would go on. So the President, to get our allies off the hook, had to go through the humiliation of publicly promising no more flights.

Generals do not take very seriously these niceties of the formal record. Khrushchev's mistake was more grave. He has proclaimed to the world the weakness of the Soviet defense system. Above all, he has made publicly known—and thus politically dynamic—the fact that the Soviet Union is wide open to attack by the planes of the Strategic Air Command. No wonder Khrushchev, who realized what he had done by the time he reached Paris, ranted, raved and blustered with the brute-faced Malinovsky close by his side.

The toppled Summit marks the bankruptcy of Khrushchev's tactical line, as of Eisenhower's. It proves that the basic international equilibrium remains at the dead center where it has rested for some years. Both sides are strategically stuck, though for different reasons. Communist Russia is stuck because, though she has will and strategic goal, she does not yet have the power. The West is stuck because though we have and have had the power, we lack both goal and will. Which side will be the first to complete its triad?

Adlai Stevenson: Twice-Burnt Offering

Behind the bright words, an intellectual vacuum. He would have world peace and never recognize that its cost may be national survival.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Whatever else may be said of the Stevensonites, they are certainly a dead game bunch. With a twice-defeated Presidential candidate who is coy, self-deprecatory, and fond of making himself the butt of his own anecdotes, they persist in putting forward their man as if he were a veritable Charles de Gaulle. They look upon their Hamlet and see in his urbane and melancholy lineaments a man of action—as, indeed, Hamlet, after sufficient prodding of his sense of fitness, finally turned out to be.

The Stevensonites are, of course, incorrigible amateurs at politics—and that is their strength. They do not know when the "inevitable" is turning against them. It is somehow significant that the Stevenson headquarters in New York City consists at the moment of a couple of rooms over an art gallery and a Christian Science reading room at a far uptown Madison Avenue address. Here is pathos—but here, also, is the sort of gallantry that sometimes works miracles. It is also significant that the headquarters workers are pretty much of a type. Though they have an air of being generally well-to-do, they scorn the tailfin aspects of our society to worship at the fount of intelligence. The fact that their idea of intelligence has its self-defeating aspects is something that has never entered their heads.

A reporter, seeking enlightenment on the state of the Stevenson movement, is turned over to a young professor of political science named Robert Hirschfield, who describes the activities of his "grassroots" gang in glowing terms. In Manhattan as elsewhere (there are similar Stevenson groups in forty states), the Stevensonites believe that small financial contributions (a dollar here, a fiver there) can be multiplied by oodles of determination into millions of pro-Stevenson signatures, which they plan to throw in the faces of deadlocked Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson delegates at a critical point in the Los Angeles convention. With quiet satisfaction Professor Hirschfield describes how twenty small groups, combing the New York City streets on a rainy week-end, managed to get 22,000 names on paper. The names, in due course, are to be compounded into a blitz that might have its effect on weary delegates after the front runners in the race have pulled up limping.

The Benevolent Circle

Professor Hirschfield, committed to a dream that might possibly become a reality, breathes his trust in Adlai Stevenson's intelligence. And it is not hard to see why the professor, in common with the other last-ditch Stevensonites, is so beguiled. The truth is that Adlai Stevenson fits nicely into the intellectual's idea of intelligence. He has wit, aplomb, a flair for the apt *mot*, and a habit of effortless quotation from a memory that does not need to rely on Bartlett for its more telling effects. Adlai Stevenson speaks the language of the educated community even to its fancier clichés (with him a dump on the outskirts of a city is not a dump, it is always "urban sprawl"). Surely, if the Ivy League has something that we all need, Stevenson has a right to consider the White House his destined home.

The paradox of Adlai Stevenson's intelligence, however, is that in its trust in the brain-as-tool it never really gets around to grappling with the human-being-as-will. Stevenson believes that the recognition of a problem is practically tantamount to solution: all one has to do is to state the issue, and a right-thinking world must, in due course, reach a common agreement on it. "Putting first things first"—as he does in a Random House collection of his recent articles and speeches bearing that for a title—Stevenson recognizes all our problems. There is the fact that "new nations seek to bring their economies through the sound barrier of modernization in a few decades." This, he says, is "the economic revolution." They do this "against the background of exploding population which will double the inhabitants of underdeveloped areas in the next generation." This is the "biological revolution." Meanwhile the race is on between "exploration of planetary space and self-extermination within the space of this planet." This is the "scientific revolution."

It is all so true—and so felicitously expressed in Mr. Stevenson's clean prose. But what are the answers to the problems of the three revolutions? In one of his rueful bits of self-deprecation Adlai Stevenson is reminded of "Oscar Wilde's remark that nothing produces such pleasing effects as a good platitude." Following Wilde, Stevenson proposes to deal with his problems by meeting the "crisis of our time in four major areas." We must, he says, "end the growing gap between wealth and poverty." We must "create new supra-national patterns and institutions of cooperation." We must recognize that as long as the danger of the *use* of nuclear weapons exists, the only final answer to the threat of annihilating war is a "disarmed world under law and organized police power." Lastly, the concept of an open world must be extended, with differences "harmonized but not suppressed."

In short, Mr. Stevenson's way of meeting a problem is to state it all over again in slightly different terms. The "how" of ending the gap between wealth and poverty, the means of getting consensus on both the ends and patterns of "institutions of cooperation," the way of luring or com-

pelling Khrushchev and Adenauer, Ben-Gurion and Nasser, Fidel Castro and Christian Herter, to submit to the same courts and cops, and the little problem of reaching school kids in China and in Poland, in Moscow and in Budapest, with notions of an open world—all of these questions of method elude our Hamlet. His trick is, first, to say, "Here is our problem," and then to offer, as solution, a grandiloquent statement that the solution to the problem must be found! With Stevenson everything goes in a circle and the beginning and end are the same.

As Ben Hecht once said of Maeterlinck's *The Bluebird*, there is less in a Stevenson pronouncement than meets the eye. But, like a Maeterlinck play, a Stevenson statement has a shimmer. The Eisenhower Administration is "government by postponement," in which the New Dealers have been replaced by the "car dealers." The *mots* chime on as Stevenson observes that "hunting scapegoats is not a foreign policy," or notes that "the isolationists have reappeared, flexing their muscles, or rather their tongues. . . ." There is the telling sarcasm—"in the Republican farm platform it is not a question of finding the loopholes in the contract. It is a question of finding the contract in the loopholes." As for the Republicans in general, Stevenson offers a trade: if they will stop telling lies about the Democrats, the Democrats will be decent enough to stop telling the truth about the Republicans. (As, for example, the "truth" that "Nixon is a white-collar McCarthy"?)

The verbalist in Stevenson has its infinite charms. But nothing is operational in the Stevenson world. For example, Stevenson's immediate reaction to Khrushchev's sabotaging of the Summit conference was to join with Senators Lyndon Johnson and J. William Fulbright and Speaker Sam Rayburn in sending cables to Eisenhower asking him to make it clear to the Soviet leader that they, as four prominent Democrats, were firm supporters of Summitry. In other words, even in a partisan election year we must have an agreement because we must have an agreement.

But that has never been the way in which true agreements have been born. Agreements develop from two sets of circumstances: either your ends coincide naturally with those of your neighbor, or your neighbor recognizes that you have the force to make things disagreeable for him if he doesn't bend a bit to your desires. Asking for an agreement that is not governed by one of these two sets of circumstances produces nothing but delusion. And, while it is true that "hunting scapegoats is not a foreign policy," the pursuit of delusion is not a foreign policy either.

Stevenson's lack of respect for brute things as against soothing words comes out in his views on military policy. We must not, he says, "confront the Communist challenge with inferior military deterrent capacity."

We must not "tempt the Russians with weakness and the only *safe* assumption for us to make is that the Soviet Union may use force." Well said, Mr. Stevenson! But in an age when superior military deterrent capacity consists of keeping ahead of one's potential enemy in nuclear weapons, both strategic and tactical, Stevenson views with horror the "proposals by some of our leaders to resume nuclear tests." Such proposals "help to validate the Communist propaganda that they are the peacemakers and we the warmongers."

Well, what is Mr. Stevenson talking about? Is he talking about maintaining a superior military deterrent capacity? Or is he talking about making *us* seem nice to Nehru? The confusion of his categories prevents Mr. Stevenson from having either an effective military policy or an effective theory of propaganda. Obviously, the quickest way to fall behind in military deterrent capacity is to yield the right of experiment to one's unscrupulous enemy. And just as obviously one cannot hope ultimately to win a propaganda war by making one's self look weak in the eyes of the world. But Stevenson, with his habit of forgetting the operational relationships between brute things, lets the obvious disappear behind a tissue of shimmering words.

Spying and Morality

In his reaction to the U-2 Stevenson came dangerously close to saying that Khrushchev's moral position is right and our own position wrong. Again, the verbalist in Stevenson has mixed the categories and gotten away from an operational world. To maintain a superior military deterrent capacity, one has to know something about the intentions and capabilities of one's enemy. Surely Stevenson does not claim that Khrushchev (the man who has said "As God is my witness my hands are clean and my heart is pure") is anything but a hypocrite in his rantings about the dirty spy tactics of the American warmongers. Stevenson knows as well as anyone that it was spying that lost us a monopoly of the bomb. And if the Soviets were clever enough to steal the secret of the bomb from us in the first place, it would certainly be suicidal on our part not to counter by spying out the uses which they intend to make of it.

So what has morality got to do with this business of spying, anyway? In implying that use of plane reconnaissance is somehow beneath a decent nation, isn't Stevenson guilty of saying that, as President, there are some things he would not do to defend his country? As a human being who is responsible to his God, any man has a right to insist on a higher law. But a people is entitled to think twice—or even three times—about putting a man in the White House who would be finicky in his choice of weapons when it is a question of survival.

The question of Adlai Stevenson's understanding of his own verbalisms raises a point about the relation between words and logic in our institutions of higher education. Stevenson is a graduate of Choate School, of Princeton University, and he has at-

tended two law schools, one at Harvard and the other at Northwestern. He has had a formidable education in literature, in history, in journalism and in the law. He can make plausible, witty and ingratiating speeches. Some of his veto messages as Governor of Illinois are little classics: the one which killed a bill to license cats is pure joy as literature in addition to being sound common sense. But, with all his training in the use of words, Stevenson was apparently never taught that words must mesh with things—and with the going relationships between clusters of things—to have any meaning.

Peace, he says sententiously in a *Foreign Affairs* article, is a force. But peace, which is a state of being, a description of relationship between people, is not a force. Peace is what results when force is governed and contained in a certain way. If a nation's desire is peace, that nation must be prepared to employ at least the threat of force to keep other nations from negating the desire. If one's *only* aim is peace, it is almost certain that one will end by being eaten up.

It can't be that Stevenson doesn't really know that peace is the consequence of governing or balancing force that might otherwise erupt in war. Why, then, does he carelessly confuse the two things? One suspects that his verbal facility, which is quick to the point of spontaneous combustion, was never disciplined by a good professor in a single one of his many schools.

Domestic Policies

When Stevenson talks about domestic problems he is just as spontaneously careless as when he is talking about international affairs. He chides businessmen for characterizing private spending as "good" and public spending as "bad." He has the neutral input-output theory that a government order for a tank and a private order for a tractor have an identical economic effect. But this fails to reckon with the real terms of the good-bad argument. The reason for preferring private to public spending is that a preponderance of the first kind of activity creates a society of free patterns. It is a question of the kind of society one wants, not a question of statistical economic aggregates. It may be true that individuals often spend their money foolishly. But is that any reason for imposing the tastes of Professors Galbraith and Schlesinger on everybody? In a democracy can't one have tailfins if one likes them?

Mr. Stevenson impresses one as a man who could be intelligent—as contrasted with intellectual—if he had less of a passion to serve the rest of us by making use of political power to do us good. In other words, he would be a more acceptable candidate for President if he were not a candidate for President. His common sense breaks through from time to time, as when he observes that "around thirty per cent of our students have no purpose in higher education and only take up time of the teachers and hold back the more gifted." When he notes that our schools of education and our teachers' colleges "live in isolation," prescribing a curriculum that "overdoes the study of methods at the expense of subject matter"—and incidentally "making the American student the ultimate casualty"—Stevenson talks like a Russell Kirk conservative, not a Democratic Party Liberal. He also talks like a conservative when he argues that families should be as willing to borrow to send a bright son to college as they are to borrow for a new car or washing machine. Thinking the way he does, would Stevenson pare the budget for "health, education and welfare" if he were to become President? It is not likely that he would, for the desire to be a public benefactor by compulsion has always been a heady wine for him.

In spite of his commitments to the New Deal idea of government, however, Stevenson would probably be the most acceptable of all the Democratic candidates to conservatives and libertarians in domestic matters. A humorous, friendly soul, he would hardly go out to make America over unless there were an overpowering public demand for it. He would spend, but not on the scale of a Humphrey; he would be purposeful, but not with the implacability of a Kennedy; he would try to make the Presidency an effective office, but not with the passion for rule of a Lyndon Johnson; he would try to help the farmer, but not at 100 per cent of parity in the promised manner of a Symington. Under Stevenson, the White House would be a place of relaxation, with reform tempered by a rule of reason.

But if Stevenson promises to be the least upsetting of the Democrats domestically, he could easily prove to be a disaster from the foreign policy point of view. Khrushchev would take him fifty ways from Sunday while the Hamlet in Stevenson was trying to debate the morality of spying, or the good will potential of unilateral suspension of underground nuclear testing. A tougher man than Stevenson is needed in the White House while tigers prowl abroad. Even as Secretary of State, if that is what he is hoping to get in a Los Angeles trade, Stevenson could be bad news.

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and
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NOEL E. PARMENTEL JR.

Jack Kennedy, America's most prominent (save perhaps Dr. Tom Dooley) Nice Serious Young Catholic Boy, rode into the Big Town the other day like young Lochinvar. No picarooon, Smilin' Jack had nonetheless gone against the form (and some of the grain) in West Virginia and Oregon, and had fixed the clocks of a passel of pols who had counted upon those primaries to bollix the Kennedy bandwagon.

Tammany grand panjandrum Carmine DeSapio, head of the National Democratic Club, hosted a hoedown for the victor. His initial plans called for a restrained affair, similar to the ones he tossed for Lyndon Johnson, Stuart Symington and the late Hubert Humphrey, but Jack's primary record rendered such modesty obsolete. The atmosphere was reminiscent of New Orleans at Mardi Gras.

Outside club headquarters in the old deLamar mansion on Madison Avenue stood about a gross of rubbernecks, braving a driving rain for a glimpse of the hero. (From their sanctuary in the old Morgan mansion across the street, a somewhat luckier covey of Lutheran clerics was able to view the arrival of that champion of the disestablishment without sogging up its vestments.) Inside, the *leitmotif* was all good feeling. The bitterest factional foes were to be seen toasting each other and The Prospect Before Us. Most of the crush danced attendance upon DeSapio, Brooklyn's Joe Sharkey, and state chairman Mike Prendergast. Somewhat less in demand was the Honorable Hulan Jack, currently at liberty, due to recent brushes with John Law, from his sinecure as Manhattan borough president. He had managed to snare the company of Ray "The Fox" Jones, no stranger to litigation himself and a dubious conquest at best. A Mystic Knights of the Sea Lodge brother type, Jones is Adam Clayton Powell's straw boss. Refusing to be drawn into argument, The Fox told one newsman, "I don't precipitate in no con-TRO-vessies."

More gregarious was the claque around Phil Regan, once accoladed the "*Meistersinger* of the Hudson Dusters." Phil, who has Jack's ear, wants to be ambassador to Ireland. Other promising diplomatic material under consideration in the Kennedy camp, one hears, is Frank Sinatra (Rome) and Sammy Davis Jr. (Israel). (The Davis appointment might afford Jack a splendid opportunity to strike a blow for tolerance. In one frail body, Sammy encompasses almost every minority group and physical deformity known to man.) If these fellows carry the day, the Kennedy diplomatic list might well be confused with Saturday's bill on the old Keith circuit. But in view of the State Department's recent hijinks, a little new blood—perhaps a new Top Banana—might be in order after all.

Prominent in the crowd were a trio of outsiders: John V. Kenny of Jersey City, who used to call himself "Mr. Freedom," and is mainly noted for dethroning Frank "I Am the Law" Hague; Professor John MacGregor Burns of Williams College, a rather hesitant Boswell to Kennedy's Johnson, whose book on the senator is several cuts above the usual campaign drivel and who has, thus far, withstood the blandishments of the Kennedy brain trust; and Connecticut Demo chieftain John Bailey who functions as Jack Kennedy's political brain. Introduced facetiously by DeSapio as "that eminent political scientist," John Bailey is easily the most interesting figure in the whole Kennedy *apparat*. He is a professional in the best sense of the word.

In addition to these and other worthies, there were, bless 'em, the ladies. Eleanor Clark French, headmistress of New York's distaff Democrats and a Philadelphia/New York society lady of great charm and intelligence, is hardly typical of the Democratic organization *femme*. These are a hardy, happy breed whose accents (and even acnes) do not vary much from New Orlean to San Francisco to Chicago to Boston. Belles who can change horses with the ease of Eddie Arcaro, they have about them a curious and touching loyalty. A Kennedy is an unhoped-for indulgence to these girls. One of them remarked, between swigs from a bottle of Rheingold, that she and some girl friends in Brooklyn were making a novena for Jack.

Soon sirens screamed, flashbulbs popped and, surrounded by a cadre of New York's finest, The Candidate arrived. Regan, Prendergast and DeSapio got him up on a platform and everybody said a few nice things about him. A little haggard, but still smiling, Jack complimented his hosts in turn with a nice little speech, in the *genre*, to be sure, of a prom chairman's report, but spiced up now and then with jeremiads about poverty, war, disease and outer space. DeSapio (who was almost jostled onto the bandwagon himself) concluded the show and Jack cut out for the Waldorf, where a bunch of the faithful had forked over a hundred bucks a throw to honor Charley Buckley, Ed Flynn's executor in the Bronx.

At the dinner a Bronx brass band saluted the convention-bound Kennedy with "California Here I Come," "Fair Harvard," and "Happy Days Are Here Again." (At no time did Phil Regan warble "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," or "Mother Machree.") Mike Prendergast conferred anathema upon all "hyphenated-Democrats," and Charley Buckley took his usual swing at eggheads and reformists. Then, to many a cheer, he introduced Franklin Roosevelt Jr., whose antics as a party irregular have been exceeded only by those of his on the Big "C." Junior has had a seat on the bandwagon since long before it became a gravy train and was of real help to Kennedy in West Virginia. FDR's son has some High Hopes of his own again and his star is definitely on the rise.

Buckley introduced Jack as the Bronx "favorite son." (It seems the Kennedy clan once sojourned in Riverdale.) An old fancier of horseflesh, he compared Jack to Man-o'-War. Although it had been a long day for The Candidate, he gamely went through his usual nice-boy speech, inevitably sententious, larded here and there with "statesmanship." He allowed how he was "glad to be back here in the Bronx" (apparently under the misapprehension that the

(Continued on p. 375)

Must Conservatives Repudiate Keynes?

To what extent was the John Maynard Keynes of the General Theory merely an economic technician? To what extent are there, in-built in his prescriptions, statist and inflationary tendencies which all conservatives will presumptively reject? We ran [November 7, 1959] a piece by Mr. Henry Hazlitt on the failure of the economics of Lord Keynes. Below we publish a piece by a well-known professor in the social sciences who insists that Keynes' devices for effecting a general level of economic stability can be endorsed by statists and anti-statists equally: that Keynesianism is ideologically neutral. Mr. Hazlitt's reply to Professor Van Den Haag follows. ED.

No, says ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

Conservatives often object to the economics of Lord Keynes with more heat than light. They feel that his economic doctrines are outright socialism, or will lead to it, or, at least, to a vast extension of government control and power over the economy. Conservatives also fear that Keynesianism brings fiscal and ultimately political irresponsibility through deficit financing, inflation, and the handing out of political bribes by a government which can obtain the necessary money through increasing the national debt. Now, I am opposed to all these evils. Yet I favor the basic Keynesian theory. In my opinion, it does not lead to any of these evils but helps to avoid them.

The association of Keynes' economics with political leftism—in this country with the New Deal—is an historical accident which helps to explain their reputation among conservatives, but does not justify it. The theory itself is politically neutral and applicable in both capitalist and socialist societies without changing the institutions of either. Thus I see no need to oppose it from a conservative viewpoint, though Communists must and do oppose it because Keynes' theory shows clearly that depression and inflation can be cured within the capitalist system—whereas the Communist dogma requires capitalism to suffer and die from depression.

Let me turn to Lord Keynes' doctrines (omitting a number of points with which I disagree, but which are of little interest to the general reader).

Economic depression is a major and drawn-out reduction of aggregate sales, production, prices, employment and income—a massive non-utilization of resources, the owners of which would like to have them utilized to earn income. Depression occurs when total expenditure on goods and services by consumers, business and government is insufficient to purchase total output at current prices. The lost sales, with or without lower prices, cause lower production, employment and income. There are many possible reasons for the insufficiency of total expenditure which is the basic characteristic of depression. They vary, moreover, from depression to depression, although in most cases the portion of their income consumers fail to spend—their intended savings—exceeds the amount businessmen raise and invest successfully. If business adds less money to total expenditure, via investment, than consumers subtract, via saving, total expenditure is reduced and thus total income. For income is but expenditure viewed from the recipients' side. Some goods are not transformed into income but frozen into inventories, while people who would like to cannot afford to buy them because of lack of income. The inventories devalue with falling prices. And this leads to still less demand, lower prices, less production and ultimately less income. Once set in motion, the process becomes cumulative and to some extent self-propelling. For instance, when prices fall or sales lack, some businesses cannot go on producing for they are losing money. Business and consumers postpone purchases in hope or fear of further price reductions; inventories accumulate without being replenished, and new investment declines—things get worse before they get better.

Pulling out of Depression

No improvement is likely until expenditure stops falling. This may happen only when intended savings no longer exceed investment expenditure—when income is very low, that is, after a long period in which fewer people work than want to, and work less, produce less and get less income than they want, and even the reduced output is hard to sell—though people's needs are less satisfied than ever. Keynes may have been wrong in believing that a depression could go on indefinitely, that an equilibrium (a situation that has no endogenous tendency to change) may be reached at a very low level of income, employment and production. But even if this is not the case, the process of decline can be long drawn out, with baneful effects.

Even if it were true, as Mr. Henry Hazlitt thinks (*NR*, November 7, 1959), that unemployment could be reduced by reducing the price of labor (wage rates)—and there is much doubt on the feasibility and usefulness of such a measure—the process would be lengthy. The expectation of reduced wage rates would reduce hiring, production and sales, as do all other expected price reductions in depression. One might as well recommend death as a remedy for illness. Moreover, wage rates could be reduced indefinitely without reducing unemployment if marginal value productivity falls with them, as may be the case if prices fall—just as, in inflation, wage rates can be increased indefinitely if prices are. Both processes are undesirable. It seems fortunate that the wage rate decrease is unfeasible as well.

Before we look for safer and more effective remedies, it will be instructive to glance at inflation, which in many ways is the reverse of depression. In depression, total expenditure is insufficient to buy total output at current prices when resources are fully utilized. Hence, output is reduced or insufficient to utilize productive resources to the extent desired by their owners. In inflation, total expenditure exceeds the amount needed to buy the total output available at current prices. Hence, in inflation, prices are bid up and rise and output at first is increased. But if all resources are already utilized, higher prices cannot be matched by higher production.

Undesirable effects on income distribution and the general pattern of economic activity are associated with both inflation and depression—though they differ. Depression involves hypoactivity, inflation hyperactivity, often in the wrong direction. Inflation, like depression, distorts production patterns, but depression leads to prompt decreases of production, while inflation does not—at least not at first. Depression favors creditors, inflation debtors. The cumulative effect of depression, however, tends to damage everybody. And the cumulative effect of inflation, too, tends to weaken the fabric of the economy although the damage is not quite so obvious to most. One reason is that depression means less money income for almost everyone, whereas inflation means more money income for almost everyone—and people do not discover immediately or give proper weight to the discovery that the dollars they receive are worth less than before.

Inflation's Evils Hidden

It is perhaps because of its illusory benefits and the hidden nature of the damage characteristic of inflation—as well as the fact that it specifically harms those providing for the future, and favors debtors—that moralists have always preached against inflation. Inflation has always been feared, too, and rightly, by those concerned with social stability and favored by debtor groups, such as farmers; and today by labor unions, which thrive in inflation though workers do not; and finally, of course, by politicians, who hope to get votes by promising more expenditures and lower taxes. None of these groups advocates inflation—any more than sin. They just tend to favor what leads to it and to oppose the reduction of expenditure that is required to stop it.

On the other hand, the punishment depression metes out to almost everybody, and particularly to the improvident, does seem to give some satisfaction to the more gloomy economic moralists.

Since inflation is an excess of total expenditure, it can be remedied only by reducing total expenditure or, at least, by stopping any increase of it. It would be better if the increased expenditure could be matched simply by increasing production. But if production has reached its maximum already, this cannot be done and expenditure must be stopped from rising if the price level is to stabilize.

There are various ways of decreasing expenditure: business expenditure can be curbed by increasing the interest rates charged by the Federal Reserve banks; government spending can be decreased directly (for instance, the government could do without the six-billion-dollar farm subsidy which raises farm prices and encourages farmers to produce unsaleable quantities and things); consumer and business expenditure can be decreased by increasing taxes while holding government expenditure stable. Wage expenditure and consequent cost and price increases can be minimized by a firmer government stand against monopolistic practices not only on the product but also on the labor market.

All these measures are technically quite effective but politically hard.[1] Yet, where governments have dared carry them out decisively, they have been rewarded not only by a prosperous and stable economy, but also by political respect (Germany, France, Italy, England are instances of governments which have simply—though in some cases after long hesitation—followed economic textbook prescriptions and been quite successful).

Depression is, by and large, the converse of inflation: spending less than the amount needed to purchase current (not to speak of maximum) output at current prices. If the remedy against inflation is to decrease spending, the remedy against depression is to increase it.

The means available are the same as those available to control inflation. Since the evil is opposite, they must

Lord Keynes

be used in the opposite direction. Business expenditure can be facilitated by decreasing interest rates; government spending can be increased directly, for instance, by increasing pensions; the expenditures of business and consumers can be increased by reducing taxes while keeping government expenditures stable.

The Keynesian Remedies

Before discussing the Keynesian approach further, let me stress that it is meant to counter and cure major swings of business activity and prices. Minor fluctuations occur all the time and are best countered by the adjustments of Federal Reserve policy which have always been undertaken since the beginning of central banking. A person's changes from buoyant to more pensive moods do not call for the measures suitable for manic-depressive cycles; or, to change metaphors, a competent physician does not prescribe penicillin for a cold, though he may use it should the cold become pneumonia.

The remedies required to cure depression, like those needed for inflation, encounter difficulties of a political rather than technical order. Many people feel that the attempt to remedy depression may land us in inflation. By this logic we should never

1. Moreover, each measure has some undesirable side effects: *e.g.*, increases in interest rates depress the bond market and may impair desirable investments, and thus slow down the rate of economic growth; tax increases also may have the latter effect although probably sales taxes do not and anti-monopoly measures might help all around if effective.

irrigate land for it may lead to inundation; nor should we drain swamps for it may lead to aridity. And if we should not try to remedy depression for fear of inflation, we should not try to remedy inflation either for it may lead to depression. This is obviously absurd. In the attempt to keep spending at the correct level—no more and no less than needed to purchase total output when all or nearly all resources are being used, at current prices—we may sometimes have to reduce spending; at other times we may have to increase it. There is no reason to believe that we cannot increase or decrease spending by the right amount. After all, we will notice changes in employment, production, prices, etc. and accordingly reduce or augment the increase or decrease of expenditure.

More Government Controls?

Does increasing the rate of expenditure of the economy—and thus demand, production and income—involve an extension of government controls? Far from it. The means by which the level of total spending is influenced have been used since the beginnings of the free enterprise system. The government has always spent money, created money and taxed. Interest rates have always helped control spending. In the past, these instruments of economic policy have not always been used so as to bring about the desired long-run effects. Undue weight was given, say to the effect of interest rates on government financing which is surely less important than the effect on the economy as a whole—on business financing, for instance. Similarly, taxation, in addition to being a way of giving money to the government, has the important effect of decreasing the income available to the taxed; which in inflation is desirable and in depression is not. These effects occur regardless of whether we are conscious of them. But by realizing the foreseeable effects of our action, we may act so as to bring about the desired and avoid the undesired effects. This, too, is hardly a novelty. Indeed, in inflation the government has always resorted to the instruments which Lord Keynes proposes should be used for analogous though opposite purposes in depression. Conservatives have usually applauded the anti-inflationary use of these instruments. Why do they oppose their anti-depressive use?

Surely not because they like depression, though perhaps they are more aware of the danger of inflation. Yet the political dangers of depression can hardly be overestimated. Without the depression of the 1930s, there would have been neither a Roosevelt nor a Hitler. Probably no Second World War—not to speak of the present threat of a third one. Depression impairs loyalty to both democracy and capitalism as much, if not more, than inflation.

Surely the objection that the proposed remedies against depression constitute socialism is absurd. They do not involve nationalization; or any form of government economic activity or control, not now pursued (such as taxing or spending or regulating the issuance of money) and, on the contrary, by lightening the tax burden, they stimulate private enterprise. Contrary to what is believed by some, public works—genuine or boondoggles—are not required to remedy depression.

What is needed in depression is additional spending, additional purchases to sell what we are capable of producing and willing to consume. The government can spend directly by purchasing goods and services. But this is neither necessary nor particularly helpful. Additional private spending is much more to the point. This can be brought about by the government taking less income away from prospective spenders—business and consumers—through reduced taxation, and even by giving them money (*e.g.*, higher pensions). There is no need for an increase in government activity—public works or services.

Subsidies to particular economic groups such as farmers should be avoided, for in addition to increasing spending, they make the group more attractive than it would otherwise be, and thus unnecessarily distort the patterns of production. If subsidies are given, they should be received by non-economic groupings, such as veterans, the old, or the young—groups that cannot be joined for the sake of the subsidy. For similar reasons, subsidies should always be in money, never in kind; nor should we ever undertake public works for the sake of employment. Public works should be undertaken when needed—not to employ people. For people can be employed by increasing the rate of private spending; and they then are led to produce what consumers want, rather than unwanted post office frescoes. And a subsidy in kind unnecessarily deprives the recipient of choice and favors the producers of the particular commodity he is receiving.

Juggling the Budget

Where is the money for additional spending in depression to come from? Obviously not from taxation, for that would decrease the spending of the taxpayers as much or nearly as much as it would increase the spending of those to whom the tax money is channeled. Similarly, in inflation the money raised by additional taxation should not be spent by the government—for that would increase government spending as much as it decreases private spending. In inflation the government should take in more money than it spends—creating a budgetary surplus. In depression the government should take in less money than it spends—creating a budgetary deficit. In inflation the government, in effect, should take money out of circulation; in depression it should add money to circulation. Technically, that is not hard to do, and, though not as deliberately as might be desired, it has always been done.

Some fear that the Keynesian anti-depression prescription will be followed because of its obvious appeal, but not the less attractive anti-inflation prescription. Hence, we might be in permanent wild inflation. The evidence—Germany, France, England, the United States, Italy—gives little support to that fear. Moreover, if people want to pursue an inflationary policy, nothing can stop them. But people's inclination to do so will

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Uncowed

A skeptic on the Right I never saw,
I never hope to see one;
But I can tell you this, Hurrah!
I'd rather see than be one.

W.K.

be strengthened by depressive phenomena and weakened if we avoid or promptly remedy these—which can be done without inflation.

One final point: the remedy against depression that I'm advocating—increasing expenditure enough to permit the sale of the goods that would be produced if resources are utilized to the extent desired by their owners—is not basically different from what occurs when depression is cured spontaneously. (Only the spontaneous cure may keep us waiting for years.) When depression is relieved spontaneously, expenditure increases because someone spends more—*e.g.*, businessmen increase investment—and thus more is purchased and produced. The money in either case is created by the banking system, which under normal circumstances creates 90 per cent of all money spent through the act of lending, *i.e.*, "monetizing debt." Whether the government initiates the process or private business makes little difference. In either case it is "automatic." And in either case, if too much money is created, inflation occurs. Hence, to be consistent, those who oppose increases of expenditure through newly created money as inflationary would have to oppose any transition from depression to prosperity. Such a transition always involves a slight rise in prices which is necessary to stimulate production. But it need not amount to inflation—to a rise in the price level not needed for or correlated to a rise in production.

Yes, repeats

HENRY HAZLITT

As I have already analyzed the Keynesian fallacies in a book of 450 pages (*The Failure of the "New Economics"*), and as Ernest Van Den Haag's article is in the main a repetition of the standard Keynesian arguments, I shall not undertake any detailed reexamination.

According to Keynesian theory, economic depressions occur because of an "insufficiency of total expenditure." It would seem to follow that the remedy for the depression is for the government to increase the supply of money, to create more "purchasing power," in order to raise total expeditures to a level that restores "full employment."

But the Keynesian analysis begins at an arbitrary and unanalyzed starting point. Why has expenditure suddenly become insufficient? There may be any number of reasons. There may have been a sudden collapse of commodity prices or demand (as in 1920 and 1929) without any corresponding reduction in wage-rates. In that case people will not buy the same volume of goods at the same level of prices as before. But manufacturers cannot reduce prices because of their high labor costs. The result is unemployment. The remedy would be a sufficient reduction in wage-rates to make possible resumption of full production and sales at the now lower level of prices and of (monetary) demand. This would not, of course, mean any reduction in real wages. But the unions, the Keynesians and the politicians insist that such a money reduction in wage rates is unthinkable, and their insistence itself makes it "unfeasible." As wages cannot then be adjusted downward to the new level of prices, prices must be adjusted upward again to wages. This is achieved by increasing the money supply, either directly or indirectly, through cheap money policies, increased government spending and deliberate deficits.

Labor Unions and Inflation

In brief, the Keynesian remedy for unemployment, no matter how caused, is always more inflation. This is not merely the conclusion of a "gloomy economic moralist." Jacob Viner correctly predicted in 1936 that "In a world organized in accordance with Keynes' specifications there would be a constant race between the printing press and the business agents of the trade unions." And in his just-published book *The Constitution of Liberty*, F. A. Hayek writes:

> The development of Lord Keynes's theories started from the correct [but never unequivocally acknowledged—H.H.] insight that the regular cause of extensive unemployment is real wages that are too high. The next step consisted in the proposition that a direct lowering of money wages could be brought about only by a struggle so painful and prolonged that it could not be contemplated. Hence he concluded that real wages must be lowered by the process of lowering the value of money. This is really the reasoning underlying the whole "full-employment" policy, now so widely accepted. If labor insists on a level of money wages too high to allow of full employment, the supply of money must be so increased as to raise prices to a level where the real value of the prevailing money wages is no longer greater than the productivity of the workers seeking employment. In practice, this necessarily means that each separate union, in its attempt to overtake the value of money, will never cease to insist on further increases in money wages and that the aggregate effort of the unions will thus bring about progressive inflation.

In Mr. Van Den Haag's version, original Keynesianism is somewhat diluted. He does not believe in socialism, and therefore presumably repudiates (though not explicitly) Keynes' proposal to socialize investment. As against Keynes, also, he does not believe in public works "for the sake of employment." But his own remedies are politically even more dangerous. In times of depression, he is for starting subsidies and pensions, not to farmers, but to "non-economic groupings, such as veterans, the old, or the young." That just about covers everybody. As experience has shown, it creates a vested interest of such immense political power that no one later dares to suggest any reduction (let alone termination) of the pensions. They become permanent; they are increased almost automatically in every election year; and in subsequent depressions any new pensions must be piled on top of the existing ones.

Mr. Van Den Haag tries to reassure us by pointing out that after an inflation has worked great havoc, as in Germany, France and Italy, or when it has reached alarming dimensions, as in England, it can sometimes be stopped. It can—by a clear-sighted and courageous *repudiation* of the Keynesian remedies, as happened dramatically in 1957, when the Bank of England raised its discount rate to 7 per cent.

Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

Saved by the U-2

A TOTAL LOSS of perspective, akin to the disorientation from which astronauts are expected to suffer, is the inevitable result of attempting to judge moral and political matters by relativistic criteria. The absence of firm principles grounded outside of the flux of events leaves men at the mercy of events, constantly astounded, baffled and buffeted by them.

Thus, the set of events beginning with Khrushchev's blast at the United States before the Supreme Soviet on May 5 and culminating in the degrading spectacle of an American President publicly castigated in gutter language at Paris, overnight became the reality of the confrontation of Communism and Western civilization—replacing the set of events beginning with the Geneva Foreign Ministers Conference last summer and culminating in the Khrushchev trip to the United States and the idiotic manifestations of the "Spirit of Camp David" that followed it.

In the aftermath of a few days of national solidarity around the vilified and insulted President, the Democratic Advisory Council and most of the Presidential candidates of the Democratic Party have reacted with a shocking willingness to accept the campaign line Khrushchev worked out for them, while the Administration (apart from Eisenhower's capitulation on the U-2 flights in the face of Khrushchev's blustering) has so far shown an unaccustomed firmness of spirit. But the point is that both are reacting to what they conceive to be a great and dramatic change.

YET nothing has changed. Nothing has changed since 1945 (in a sense, nothing has changed since 1917)—except the steady expansion of Communist domination, while with our superior power we stand by, ignoring the permanent reality, bewitched by the kaleidoscopic play of events.

As in our fatal fencing with shadows while Eastern Europe, China, key sections of the Middle East (and now Cuba) fell under Soviet sway, so both in our recent mood of coexistence and in our present scandalized reaction to the change of Soviet tactics, we have based our whole policy upon surface phenomena, oblivious to the hard continuing substance of the Communist battle plan and innocent of the kind of analysis and action demanded of us, were we guided by principles, not hypnotized by each new set of events.

As a result, things get turned into their opposites: if only Khrushchev had been willing to meet at the Summit, it would have been a great victory; the U-2 flights over Russia are the instrument of a great defeat.

In the light of reality, the reverse is the truth. The U-2 flights, which, like the tip of an iceberg, have revealed the immense military strength of the United States and shattered the myth of Soviet technological superiority, symbolize the only factor in the real situation which has prevented disasters much greater than those that have occurred and which gives promise of ultimate triumph, if we ever adopt policies based upon reality. However bungled the handling of the issue, and whatever the cause of the capture of Powers' plane, the whole affair represents a spirit of the offensive almost unique in the public manifestations of American policy in the last fifteen years.

IT IS this offensive spirit—centered, as Khrushchev has so violently insisted, in the Pentagon and even, it wou'd seem, to some degree in the CIA—that alone explains why Khrushchev, despite his brutal ultimatum of November 1958, despite our cringing reaction to it (epitomized by the invitation to him to soil our land), despite all the apparent signs in his favor, has not dared to force the issue on Berlin and has now for the third time postponed his ultimatum another six months.

It is not through their strength that the Communists have made their advances, but by pouring into vacuums created by our timidity and by our acceptance of each new situation as an issue to be discussed in its own surface terms unrelated to the underlying reality, which is the certainty of victory or defeat for one side or the other.

That is why there is nothing to be concerned about, no "failure," no "diplomatic defeat" in the break-up of the conference at Paris. It is true that the circumstances were humiliating to our President, and through him to our country, but that humiliation would never have taken place had we not made the initial error of going to the conference. Will the tempo of our arming be any slower as a result of the break-up of the conference? If anything, it will be faster. Will Communist penetration of the Middle East, of Southeast Asia, of the Caribbean and Latin America, be affected one way or the other? Or the growth of European neutralism? Have we lost anything substantive through not having sat down at the Summit with Khrushchev?

ON THE other hand, consider what we might have lost at such a conference—lost because there was no single item on the agenda which bore any relation to our interests in the world struggle. What interest have we in disarmament and the end of nuclear testing, when our only hope of survival and ultimate victory—175,000,000 facing close to a billion—depends entirely upon superior technical military strength? What interest have we in discussing the status of Berlin, when the terms of the discussion rule out the liberation of Eastern Germany and Eastern Europe, the only conditions under which we could with honor remove our forces from Berlin? And cultural exchange? What is there we have to exchange with the masters of a slave society except our innocent tourists for their MVD operatives?

These were the subjects for "negotiation." Let us be grateful the discussion did not take place. "In six or eight months" Khrushchev offers us another opportunity. If we have learned anything, our answer will be: "Not in six or eight years—not until Communism ceases to exist."

Cult of the New

HUGH KENNER

England's secret is a simple one: compactness. The People who Matter see one another constantly; the People who Want to Matter discover whom to see. Middle-class education is homogenous enough to supply dons and radio producers with common words and common symbols. (". . . So long as they read the *same* books," said Santayana of a civilizing curriculum.) And the BBC provides regional Services from the capital; the Network, on the other hand, its impulses traveling every which way, was an American expedient to cope with diffuseness.

None of which is news; but it serves to explain the strikingly *representative* quality of Mr. John Lehmann's wartime memoirs (*I Am My Brother,* Reynal, $5.00), a quality no American book of such low-keyed privacy could expect to achieve. "Yesterday Desmond MacCarthy came to tea. Beatrix was there, with Ahmed Ali and Willy Goldman. Desmond in great form, discussing Shaw. He said he had become very disappointed with him in recent years. . . ." Imagine journal extracts of this kind being tolerable in a book by, say, Cleanth Brooks! Yet they float as comfortably as lilypads on the surface of Mr. Lehmann's narrative.

John Lehmann, the jacket blurb tells us, "belongs to the distinguished literary and artistic family which includes his sister Rosamond, one of England's foremost novelists, and another sister Beatrix, an important figure on the London stage. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge and served his literary apprenticeship with the Woolfs in the Hogarth Press. Mr. Lehmann was founder and editor of *New Writing* and was also head of his own publishing house. A fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, he is now editor of the *London Magazine.* It remains only to add that he was founder and editor of *Penguin New Writing* (some 25 wartime numbers selling 80,000 or more copies per issue) and that "Wystan," "Stephen," "Christopher," "Virginia" move through his pages with an easy familiarity no outsider would consider attempting with Auden, Spender, Isherwood, or Mrs. Woolf. He even speaks easily of "Tom Eliot."

Such a man, inseparable from such a milieu, can function with a minimum of enterprise. His story is nearly anonymous: "continual train journeys accompanied by a suitcase full of manuscripts and proofs which I worked through; frequent halts on the line during an alert; . . trips to the works where the *Penguin* was being printed, sometimes to find there had been a raid the night before and a tarpaulin was being hurriedly stretched over jagged holes in the roof under which the machining of the next number miraculously proceeded." Even the souvenirs belong to a decade, not a person: as letters and manuscripts poured in, "chests of drawers at Fieldhead were desperately requisitioned, old rowing vests, mountain shoes, lederhosen and anti-fascist newspapers [ah, the Ascent of F6!], maps of Prague and Vienna and A.A. itineraries of long-ago car-trips across Europe flung out, to make room for the ever-increasing offerings of every day's post."

"Mountain shoes, and anti-fascist newspapers." Those were the thirties, dealt with by Mr. Lehmann in a previous volume, *The Whispering Gallery.* Of that Auden-Spender decade he has, in the present volume, only this to say: that "the whole point, after all, of the movement I and my friends had belonged to and believed in, was that Hitler must be thwarted and stopped by every means possible." Those who had "belonged to the pre-war anti-fascist movement" (for that is all that it was, in Mr. Lehmann's innocent retrospect) were naturally distressed in the fall of 1939 by "the attitude of the Soviet Union to our war against Hitler." This worry he discussed "again and again" with Stephen Spender and many others. "Nothing that had happened made us feel that we had been wrong to stand openly for the ideas of liberty and justice, to show that we stood on the side of those parties and groups that appeared to be championing them most effectively in the political struggles of a political decade." No, "it was our particular position that had probably been wrong: in the heat of the battle, to give our specific assent to a particular set of slogans, even if we did not actually join a particular party. . . ."

As all this laborious euphemism indicates, the so-civilized milieu epitomized by Mr. Lehmann is not one in which an idea enters a head with noticeable celerity; nor, for that matter, an impersonal conviction of any kind. The emphasis in *New Writing,* Penguin and pre-Penguin, is on *New*; we hear a good deal about the youth and inexperience of the contributors, their promise, their (consequent?) authenticity.

THERE IS nothing like a milieu in which all decisions are short-term and one is endlessly conscious of one's fifty intimates' feelings, for dissolving all sense of *responsibility.* If you were to ask Mr. Lehmann why literature is worth publishing, he would no doubt say nothing about allowing voices to be heard: voices whose tender privacy is their *cachet.* The past (it is the romantic belief, essentially) is always dead. It is very young, unspoiled poets who are most likely to "map some system of thought and feeling wide enough and deep enough for our culture to exist in." *New Writing,* Mr. Lehmann supposed, "could be a laboratory, an experimental ground for

the development of a new consciousness."

That a man could operate at the nerve-center of a civilization for so many years and with such genuine civility as Mr. Lehmann's pages evince, having seemingly no instinct more articulate than that to guide him, is one of the twentieth-century miracles. No previous age presents any parallel; not that we discover Mr. Lehmann to be at all curious about any previous age.

The intellectual history of the 1930's in England remains to be written. Mr. Lehmann, if only because of his influential role in the 1940's, will figure in it; so will Herbert Read and Middleton Murry. That decade saw in blown flower the great easy liberal tolerance of the secure nineteenth century, a tolerance latterly directed toward youth, that held promise but posed no tnreat; toward idealisms of whatever flavor so long as they promised to dissolve authority (nasty, and unneeded anyhow in a reign of congenial *persons*); toward any supersession of the crabbed *old* by the fresh-cheeked tumid *new*. Over this Peter-Pannishness, barely capable of staying interested for the duration of a sentence in anything but its own sentiments floating like anemones through its own submarine sensibility, there extended and extends a habit of graceful expression, a languid charm, still enjoying some long weekend of the soul. Mr. Lehmann's mirror of the forties reflects a collective trance. There are worse things than trances. His milieu could have been barbarous, brisk, or merely administrative (he provides some amusing accounts of tussles with Moscow propagandists). Or it could have been awake.

The Objectionable Society

RUSSELL KIRK

THE Age of the Enlightenment, Coleridge wrote, was full of enlighteners but curiously lacking in light. One may say of modern sociology that it abounds in reformers without any notion of what reforms they would like to effect. Two new books, though founded on different systems, illustrate how decadent twentieth-century social thought has become: for decadence, as C.E.M. Joad suggested, is the loss of an object.

Mr. Maurice R. Stein, of Brandeis University, has published *The Eclipse of Community: an Interpretation of American Studies* (Princeton, $6.00). Though he aspires to work toward "a theory of community," Professor Stein, as a positivist, never gets beyond case histories. His book is little more than a fat summary of the principal well-known "community studies" and surveys published in this century, and sufficiently satirized by Mr. J. P. Marquand: *Caste and Class in a Southern Town, Middletown, Greenwich Village, The Gold Coast and the Slum,* etc. The summaries are sufficiently thorough to save the prudent bookman from having to read these works in their unabridged turgidity.

But what a community should be; or how community may be restored, Mr. Stein never tells us. He nowhere mentions the most important American work on the theory of community, Dean R. A. Nisbet's *Quest for Community*. Concluding, Mr. Stein observes that we need sociologists like Freud and Marx, but don't have them. While Mr. Stein's own positivistic discipline dominates, we will not find them.

A very different sort of person, Mr. Everett Knight, a Rhode Islander now at the University College of Ghana, is the author of *The Objective Society* (Braziller, $3.75). Mr. Knight cordially detests both positivism and objectivity. Also he hates rationalism, capitalism, the political opinions of American workingmen, T. S. Eliot, Salvador Dali, Karl Popper, our cultural heritage, the middle classes, conservatives, academicians who are "adornments," scientism, the Open Society, and most other persons and things. He admires Marx, Sartre, "a genuinely humane Communism," Picasso, and absolute equality, including cultural equality. He is enthusiastic for unrestrained sexual indulgence among adolescents and adults: "As for the 'free world,' no one who has passed a Sunday in a protestant community, or tried, apart from matrimony, to give to fornication the exalted and time-consuming place in his life which it so richly deserves, or dared, if he is an academic, to say exactly what he thought to his students, no such person can suppose for a moment that he is a free agent rather than a damned object."

IN BRIEF, Mr. Knight is a learned neo-Communist, endeavoring to restore some intellectual pretensions to Marxism. He refers to the "criminal blunders" of Soviet Russia, and thinks that pristine Marxism has degenerated into scientism. Yet in his comparisons of Soviet Russia and the West, Soviet Communism always is a little less wicked. He is bound and determined that we must have cultural leveling, as well as economic and political equality; he would extirpate the monkish caste of pure scholars. The wave of the future will sweep away the traditional Academy, as it already has inundated aristocratic and bourgeois institutions.

"Whatever the crimes of communism, there is no doubt but what it represents a historical advance, and the a-historical 'thinking' of western intellectuals exists for the purpose of blinding us to that simple fact." There is no Truth, so intellectuals must not be allowed to waste time in pursuing it. Only ideas that can be put to work should be tolerated. "The true thinker is a man of few ideas; these ideas in some elemental form will be the property [in the Terrestial Paradise of Marxism] of every literate reasonably informed person, *because it is only this kind of idea that one can hope to implement,* and the man unconcerned about implementing his thought is not a thinker, he is a mere collector of ideas." The professor should become an ideologue—Marxist variety,

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Preview of *The Liberal Hour*, by John Kenneth Galbraith

(to be published this summer)

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the Galbraiths are coming to power,
Comes a pause on the brink of debacle
That is known as *The Liberal Hour.*

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

of course—Mr. Knight has resolved.

Alas, alas, cries Mr. Knight, accursed capitalistic prosperity, aided and abetted by unconscious traitors to their class like the English socialists, has virtually put an end to the proletariat by elevating workers to the ranks of the bourgeoisie. We must kill fascism while it lies dormant just now—that is, while it masquerades under the name of conservatism—lest the workers of the world come to love their rose-petal chains. And the intelligentsia had better get this doctrine in the head before they get it in the neck. "The revolt of the workers is preferable to the elegant sulking of the intellectual deprived of an Absolute. The hunger for food may be satisfied, not that for the Truth, because there is none; and it is probable that while something can be done about hunger, nothing can be done about spiritual hunger."

For Mr. Knight, the Russian Communists are too conservative; they even have tried to make Marxism into a religion; and they have not achieved utter equality, nor altogether wiped out our cultural heritage. Doubtless Mr. Knight will teach the subjects of Dr. Nkrumah the pure doctrine of neo-Communism. We mustn't be fanatical, though, he says. For Mr. Knight's own sake, I hope he does not succeed in attaining his Zion. For the culturally sterile Perfect Marxist Society of which he dreams would have no place for rebellious intellectuals like Mr. Knight, nor any use for splenetic speculations like *The Objective Society*.

History as Topsy

WILLMOORE KENDALL

WHAT "we" have to do, according to this pretentious venture into deep thinking by a well-known Liberal ideologue (Robert L. Heilbroner's *The Future as History*, Harper, $4.00), is to learn to "understand the grand dynamic of history's forces," to see the "future as a part of the sweep of history," above all, to seal ourselves off from "false hopes" and "an equally false despair." History (which includes, for Mr. Heilbroner, roughly speaking, everything that has happened since last night's dinner, as his "future" includes everything between here and the end of our collective nose), has a "drift and a temper," a "pattern," from which no "vital . . . effort can depart very far in its essentials." It poses "challenges" that are "irresistible, pitiless, unyielding," so that *often* "we" are not "the masters but the prisoners" of our time, "with no alternative but to bow before its demands." Why only often? Because we do not, as all that might seem to suggest, have to "remain passive before the enveloping changes of history"; we can, rather, "attempt to adapt our institutions so as to minimize . . . [the] impact of those changes." But the "often," in any case, gives the show away: there are "forces," "necessities," where Mr. Heilbroner and his political allies choose to see them, and "opportunities," "freedom," where what is involved is what *they* want to go and do.

I do not forget, of course, that the notion of "forces" in history is often a useful metaphor—useful, that is, to persons who keep themselves reminded that it is a metaphor, that what is "there" in history is *people*, who behave or misbehave, who do that which we wish them to or that which we would prefer to keep them from doing, and who keep on doing that which they do either because we permit them to or because we lack the strength or the will to keep them from doing it. I do not, by the same token, forget that there are at given moments in history states of affairs, situations, that given persons are indeed incapable of affecting. Nor do I forget that wisdom and statesmanship indeed consist in part in distinguishing between these situations and those we *can* affect: it is not wise or statesmanlike, either, to see stone walls where there are none, or to fail to distinguish between stone walls you can push over if you use your bulldozer, not your head, and those you can't push over. *Or* to fail to identify the stone walls that have been built of stones and mortar of which *you* are the only supplier—that is, a) the ones you can learn a lesson from, and b) the ones you can keep the other fellow from building any higher or any thicker. "Forces" in history are a profitable study only for men who approach history *responsibly*, which means regarding themselves, and other men, as *agents* in history, responsible for their own actions and the consequences of those actions.

No Room for the Top

The Oscar award silliness is well over for this year, and the only thing proved is that nothing succeeds like success. Fifteen million dollars pushed *Ben-Hur* to the greatest sweep (eleven awards; compared, say, with *Gigi's* nine) in Hollywood history. The film, an altogether pleasant conglomeration of Biblical sex, sadism and splendor, offers some scenes that only fifteen million dollars could buy, along with Charlton Heston contorting his eyebrows and jutting his chin. If it never reaches, or even approaches, an artistic plane, it is never boring; but this is hardly an admirable or a valid criterion. *Room at the Top*, a completely silly movie made from John Braine's three-quarters silly novel of the same name, has nothing against it save the fact that it is incredibly bad.

But what is disappointing is that some really fine films were under consideration for the awards that went to pictures which are, at best, mediocre. *The Diary of Anne Frank* was startlingly neglected in all major categories, and the broad comic strokes of *Some Like It Hot*, a triumph for a great comedienne, Miss Marilyn Monroe, were ignored, the picture being recognized only for a costume. Audrey Hepburn, actress among today's "actresses," was overlooked, and *Wild Strawberries*, an excellent picture, was passed by. Perhaps the only sensible award was that to *Black Orpheus* as Best Foreign Language Film; this is a thoroughly amazing picture, which carries a tremendous impact.

FRANK GANNON

Heilbroner is emphatically *not* such a man. He would have us simply accept "forces": the "accelerating sweep of science and technology," the "revolutionary extension of popular aspirations to the impoverished base of the human community," the "economic reorientation . . . away from the institutions and ideology of capitalism." The "forces" within whose interstices he would have us seek the poor historical destiny we have left are pretty clearly of *nobody's* making, certainly not ours, so that obviously there can be no question of our unmaking them. Our choice is limited to smashing ourselves against them, or taking a free ride on them, or helping them along and, in helping them, maybe managing to redirect them a little.

The world in which his "history" drearily unwinds is one in which (in Ortega's phrase) nobody is "running things," nobody failing to run them, certainly nobody running them badly or foolishly. Things just happen, and go on happening until they stop happening because some other things have started happening. His book should have been called not *The Future as History* but *History as Kaleidoscope*. The only questions he has to ask of "history" is where it is going, and which road we must take to be there to meet it.

Heilbroner offers us pure stick and no carrot: history from now on is *not* going to go as we should have liked it to. Capitalism, except in America, is through, as the West itself is through; Communism has amply demonstrated its ability to develop underdeveloped areas more rapidly than capitalism can, and that is what all the world except America and Europe is interested in. Despite the examples of American, German and Japanese prosperity, Europe will go socialist because of the political, not the economic, inadequacies of capitalism. Most of the world will become authoritarian because rapid development does call for sacrifices, and these must be imposed from above.

As for America, either it prospers or it does not. (It will, provided it is prepared for an indefinite future of deficit-spending, which however means finding a substitute for military expenditure when, peaceful coexistence having come into its own, military expenditures can no longer be justified.) If it does prosper, the example of its prosperity will make the peoples of Asia, Africa and South America even more insistent that their standard of living be raised (besides which, what are we going to deficit-spend on if not "aid" to the underdeveloped areas?); if it doesn't prosper, capitalism comes a cropper even here. We have no real choice, then except to deficit-spend; coexist with Communism; help the underdeveloped countries; lapse further and further into impotence and insignificance, telling ourselves we do all this because things are bad. Or, if you want to call it a choice, we can refuse to do all this and make things worse.

IT ALL FITS: what we have hitherto erroneously called the Liberal program is in fact a series of historical imperatives, to which nobody in his senses would even try to say "No." Also, however, the stick won't seem so bad, won't hurt so much, if like Heilbroner we take the longer, more detached view. Communism (in a curious "slip" that his editors should have caught, he says that it has betrayed its "original ideas" *less* than the Christian Church) seems so bad only because we dwell on its failures or glory in its shame: its "cruelties, its use of terror, its indifference to personal liberties . . . [are] not so much the face of the new world as the shadow of the old"; "it is only moral cowardice to single out the evils of communism, while refusing to admit to what may ultimately be the beneficial consequences of the tremendous economic movement it is effecting." Besides which, we can always hope that "with communism, as with capitalism, the completion of the industrial transformation may soften and mellow the rigors of the transitional phase." As for the rise of the underdeveloped countries, the "transition ahead will be ugly," *but*: let us "remember in our consequent concern and likely irritation that . . . [they once] suffered the impact of a Western dynamism they did not understand . . . and could not control." Besides which, "what is a closing-in of history for us is an opening-out of history for [them]" (*i.e.*, even if it is not more blessed to give than receive, turn about's fair play).

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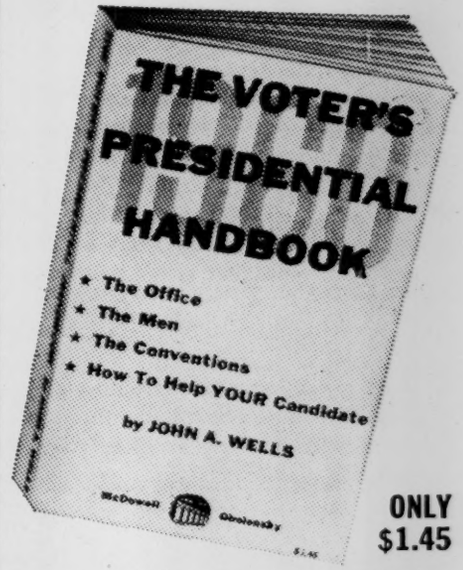

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Baseball

Unreconstructed Individual

JOHN LEONARD

A SPORTSWRITER for the Harvard *Crimson*—a prematurely surly young man addicted to scotch, scatology and unpunctuated prose—once wrote that while there were not many people who came to Harvard just to watch Ted Williams play baseball, nevertheless there were some.

Because the surly young man was so unsavory, and no valentine, and didn't chop out his words with a heart-shaped cookie cutter, people by and large ignored him. But this didn't stop him from finessing the Metaphysical Poets on spring Sunday afternoons, committing his corpse to the Metropolitan Transit Authority, and squatting for a couple of hours in the center-field bleachers at Fenway Park—a glorified bowling alley where Ted Williams played baseball and the Boston Red Sox played American League doormat. The young man was a brooder, and he came away from those Sunday sessions with a furrowed brow. It seemed to him—it seems to me—that if I, Harvard, and/or America can be saved, we will all need Ted Williams.

Let's look at the record:

1. Ted Williams is among the last of the unreconstructed Americans. He is his own man. He doesn't belong to Madison Avenue, or to the *New York Times*, or to the Republican Party or Cub Scout Pack No. 99a-1 or the Gillette Safety Razor Company. Not for him the lobotomies of Dale Carnegie and the psychiatric couch. He doesn't consult public opinion pollsters; he doesn't read the Boston sportswriters; and he doesn't burlesque his talent by parlaying it into plaudits from the crowd.

2. Ted Williams is an undiminished individual. It's a dying breed. This is the age of machine and committee, the era of subordination to the Whole, the time of the New York Yankees. Synchronization, mesh, obedience, team-work. But Williams is all alone, and likes it that way.

3. Ted Williams believes in excellence. The economy of motion, the poetry of the sure swing, the hitting eye—they are the common coin of sports-page cliché factories; but before the cliché was the word, and before the word was Williams, doing it, and doing it well. For instance: his fielding left something to be desired. A hitter like Williams, now, could afford to kick every gutless grounder that rolled his way into the visitors' bull-pen. But he trained himself to become a better fielder. Not for the crowd, not for the Boston sportswriters, not even for that surly young man in the center-field

TED WILLIAMS: ". . . a craftsman who cares about his craft . . ."

bleachers. But for Ted Williams, who believes in excellence, who is not ashamed of being better than anyone else.

4. Ted Williams retains the capacity to get disgusted. You have read the stories of Williams spitting at the crowd. You have heard that he aims foul balls at hecklers. You have seen Associated Press wirephotos of Williams in the Red Sox dugout shooting at the Fenway Park pigeons. For all these things the regaldom of the American League has seen fit to take its tithe from his substantial salary. And you have probably concluded, from the safety of a TV sense-saturation, from behind your evening newspaper, in the pearl-dark womb of your little bedroom, that Williams is *rather* juvenile, that a grown man doesn't do such things, that, specifically, *you* wouldn't do such things.

But that's where you and Ted Williams may be different. He knows what he's spitting at. He isn't afraid of the crowd. Social buzzards have an insatiable appetite for excellence; they pick it apart with their beaks and spit it out because they haven't the stomach for it. It is this mastication that Williams parodies; it is the buzzards he has no time for.

5. Ted Williams has a graciousness about him, something else that is dying out. The Mickey Mantles are taking over everywhere: the well-scrubbed, semi-illiterate, always-a-little-disappointing strike-out kings. They listen to the shouts from the stands, and when by some absurd conjunction of pitcher, pitch, signal, stance and swing they get their hits, they bring them like tattered pennants across home plate, and toss them, precious little propitiations, to the God-Crowd, in exchange for applause. Williams never even doffs his hat. That is why there were some of us who wore black armbands and refused to speak to Radcliffe girls on that dark day when America's sportswriters—in an idiocy so elevated it approached art—awarded Mickey Mantle the American League's Most Valuable Player trophy in 1957. That was the year, you remember, when Williams batted .388. Modern bubble-gum baseball cards haven't room on them for that kind of average. Williams lost the MVP award because he didn't bother to salivate when Boston sportswriters rang their bell, and the home-town heroes promptly left him off their ballots. That's what happens to excellence in our brave new America.

6. Ted Williams is a craftsman who cares about his craft, which is baseball. For my money, baseball makes ballet look like charades. (Ring Lardner irreverently remarked: "Ballet is baseball for fairies.") Ted Williams knows his craft. He is a baseball player. He is not a cog in the Team Wheel, a public relations man for America's Great National Pastime, a paid prostitute for the vacuum-cleaning institutional charities. Dozens of hitters in both leagues can testify that their batting averages jumped thirty percentage points after Williams showed them what they did wrong. Children's Hospital in Boston can testify that Williams did more for

its wards than all the elaborate machinery of organized soliciting. You may not read these things in sports columns; Williams doesn't bother to tell them to sports columnists.

7. Ted Williams has pride, and pride is nowadays unfashionable.

The face of Machine America sometimes seems to me to be the fat face of a television producer, jaws like giant millstones chewing away on a black cigar. Let the millstones be monoliths, let the black cigar be the individual. **You don't have to** indulge my metaphor to admit that Ted Williams is too big to get chewed up.

Records

Berlioz

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

HECTOR BERLIOZ, in his life and music, was everything that the drab conformists of the Establishment are not. This, perhaps, may explain why the Berlioz vogue has run concurrently with the Liberal hold on manners and morals in these United States. This is not paradox but compensation. The man who burst into the drawing room of French music to paint on its brocaded walls in shimmering color and somber shadow was a blatant individualist. He loved passionately and idiotically, dredged pity and terror from his psyche and from the acres of instruments he roamed, allowed free rein to his genius and his personal devils.

Berlioz, then, is an antidote to the drear limits of these rutted times. The occasional over-zealousness of his writing, the foot-faults of taste, and his sometime belief that artistic expression is of kind of tantrum become virtues in the context of that nit-picking which passes for contemporary music. Even the flawed passages of the *Fantastic Symphony*—and there are many such, for Berlioz was not a conscientious artist—evoke a fierce joy in those grown bored with the sterilities of an Aaron Copland or a Roy Harris. Berlioz wrote music which was at once visceral and highly intellectual, and it reaches out to us today.

It was Jacques Barzun who in my undergraduate days introduced me to Berlioz. He did it, I am sure, unconsciously—merely by expressing approval of a composer represented in the record catalogues of that era only by the *Damnation of Faust* overture. The record companies and the arbiters of concert programs have since then rediscovered Berlioz, to my inconsequential but happy applause. There have been times when the caught regrets of Mozart, the architectural complexities of Bach, or the soul-wrenching involutions of Beethoven have clashed with my moods. But Berlioz, lacking their stature perhaps, never palls.

The attention may wander during the *Fantastic Symphony*, though Pierre Monteux's most recent reading, with the Vienna Philharmonic (RCA Victor LM 2362), avoids most of the bravura pitfalls and manages to remain arresting throughout. But I have heard *Harold in Italy* at least a hundred times, and with each playing discover the call of another inner voice in the interplay of viola and orchestra. Of the many recordings which have been made of this superbly introspective recitation, I find the Charles Munch-Boston Symphony-William Primrose version (RCA Victor 2228) closest to the Berlioz hope that "the solo viola should figure as a more or less active personage of constantly preserved individuality" rather than as the typical show-off instrument of the classical concerto.

But his instinctive knowledge of orchestral speech, his tumultuous dynamics, and his genitive relationship to color and rhythm, are living parts of the Berlioz experience. Dazzled by the rich panoply of musical textures which Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic weave in their traversal of five famous Berlioz overtures (Columbia ML 5064), I am suddenly caught up by that delicately contrived passage of *Les Francs Juges* in which strings and woodwinds move along in common time while the tympani shifts from 3/4 to 2/2 time—and in the last measures of this varirhythmned display the entire orchestra is challenged by the bass drum in 3/4 time.

The contrasts are everywhere. In a minor work like the *Reverie and Caprice* a virtuoso violin quietly glitters above a quiet orchestra. (The *Reverie* is given its debut on records by Aaron Rosani and the Southwest German Radio Orchestra [Vox PL 10470], and both acquit themselves excellently in what is essentially a pleasant exercise for violin.) But in the *Requiem*, Berlioz massed brass bands, orchestra, and an army of voices for a tremendous assault on man's cosmic preoccupations. Perhaps St. Peter may prefer a quieter knock at the gates of Heaven, but this is nevertheless the music of faith. And if anyone, whatever his religion, can listen to the *Tuba mirum* without wanting to make the sign of the Cross, he had best join Ethical Culture.

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Requiem, all fine, even as there are of the "oratorio" *L'Enfance du Christ.* They each have their virtues, and I will single out no one in particular. But I ask you to play, in the *Enfance,* the *Adieu des Bergers* whose poignant harmonies adumbrate the unmarred adoration of the Shepherds as they witnessed the flight of the Holy Family into Egypt. Even Robert Shaw, when he conducted the National Symphony in a performance of the *Enfance,* could hot compromise the tenderness of these pages. I have been playing the *Adieu* ever since the 1940s, when I found it on an old 78 rpm record. I hope I will not offend the theologians if I say that it expresses the nature of *caritas* far more ably than a learned text.

For Berlioz, undoubtedly a very faulty Catholic, the Sacred and the profane of love were not antithetical. He could celebrate the more earthly forms of passion in *Romeo and Juliet,* a symphonic opera resplendently recorded by the late Arturo Toscanini (RCA Victor 6011) or in *Les Nuits d'Étés,* settings of poems by Théophile Gautier sung by Eleanor Steber (Columbia ML 4940) with unassuming perfection. From these songs, perhaps, can be written an epitaph for Hector Berlioz: *"Sur les ailes de la musique/ On sent lentement revenir/Un souvenir."*

In the drought of our times, we may weep in that remembrance. But we would weep more if it were denied us.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE COSTS OF DEMOCRACY, by Alexander Heard (University of North Carolina Press, $6.00). Who contributes the money that is spent in local, state and national elections? Where does it go? And what effect does it have on the elections, and on the recipients? These questions go to the very heart of the American political system; yet till now there has been no really thorough study of the subject, and almost no dependable statistics concerning it. Professor Heard's book is probably destined to be the foremost authority in this murky area for years and even decades to come. Comprehensive, detailed, and gravid with fascinating charts and footnotes, it is nevertheless smoothly, almost breezily written—a shining example of lucid scholarship. The Gore Committee of the Senate (on Election Expenditures) worked closely with the author; and a faint Democratic bias is, perhaps consequently, discernible here and there. But one of the work's major conclusions will not comfort Senator Gore: "It cannot be argued convincingly that the Democratic party has lost a single presidential election in the twentieth century for want of funds."

W. A. RUSHER

THE RUN, by John Hay. (Doubleday, $3.75.) If one is gifted enough one can see a relationship between man and the universe in small things. This, John Hay has seen in his sensitive, beautifully written book about the annual spring migration of the alewives from the sea up the little rivers and streams of the Atlantic coast to their freshwater spawning grounds. He has viewed the phenomenon from his native Cape Cod, studied it, meditated on it, in a sense lived it. Mr. Hay is in the great tradition of the English naturalists. There are times when his evocative prose suggests Richard Jefferies. *The Run* should prove a minor classic, to be placed on the shelf beside Henry Beston's earlier Cape Cod classic, *The Outermost House.* Its hard-lined illustrations by David Grose are worthy of the book.

F. RUSSELL

THE HIDDEN RUSSIA, by N. W. Krasnov Jr. (Holt, $5.00). In 1945, in the shower room of the dreaded Lubianka prison, Cossack General Peter Krasnov whispered a farewell to his grandson, Nikolai: "Use your mind as a notebook. To the end of your sufferings, remember everything. The world must know the truth about what happened." Young Nikolai, one of 2,000 anti-Communist officers betrayed to the Soviets by the British under the Yalta agreement, survived ten years in the Correctional Labor Camps, and remembered. In powerful, beautifully simple prose, Krasnov (who died last year in Argentina) transcribed his mind's notebook, leaving to a generally heedless West a legacy of truth about the suffering and degradation that continues among the oppressed people who are Russia. Tourists, journalists and agents of "cultural exchange" will not, even if they wished to, know the heart of Russia that Krasnov discovered among the twenty million slaves of the USSR. Civilians, like politicians, will eagerly detect signs of "thaw" even if they must invent them. The brutality, the gross inhumanity, they will report, passed with Stalin. But it did not, as Krasnov's testament amply proves. Inhumanity inheres in the Soviet system. Until a slumbering West awakens to that unchanging truth, another admonition of General Krasnov must be shouted from the housetops: "You can't win easily over the Communists. To fight them, we need more than words."

R. WHALEN

HUMANISM, by Moses Hadas (Harper, $3.50). It is not a coincidence that the study of Greek and Latin has declined at the same rate, and under the same pressures, as respect for the American Constitution, which was primarily based on the sixth book of Polybius. Western civilization is the tradition of rationality, morality and wisdom that begins with Homer, informs the Graeco-Roman Classics, and inspires the whole of modern culture since the Renaissance, when, after the Dark Ages, "men took up where antiquity had left off." It is not only our secular culture that is Greek. Everyone knows that Christianity was a Hellenistic structure based on Judaism, and Professor Hadas points out that many books of the Old Testament (especially Chronicles, Job, Canticles, and Ecclesiastes) would have been inconceivable without strong Hellenistic influences. For the Greekless and disinherited reader of today, Professor Hadas has written an interpretative essay comparable to Edith Hamilton's *The Greek Way.* It contains a few capricious or provident concessions to current superstitions ("Freud proceeds from the premises of Greek tragedy"!), but if a book is to be popular, it must contain *something* that Liberal reviewers can understand.

R. P. OLIVER

To the Editor

First Comments on the Summit

After the Paris incident two apologies are in order, one by President Eisenhower and the other by Secretary Herter, both to Mr. John Foster Dulles for having indulged in "flexibility."

Also, how come we're not hearing about "the spirit of Paris"? I think we ought to squeeze all the mileage we can get out of it.

Lambertville, Mich. JOSEPH HANUS

What has happened to that fine American challenge, "Put Up or Shut Up"? Let's throw the rest of the words out.

Bakersfield, Cal. MRS. KIRK RAGLAND

I hope that NATIONAL REVIEW, in its comments on the late Summit fiasco, will avoid joining the rest of the American press in covering up for President Eisenhower. It is true, of course, that the proximate cause of the blow-up was the arrogant Soviet dictator. But it was Eisenhower, and Eisenhower alone, who led the American nation into this absurd ambush. It was Eisenhower who invited Khrushchev to this country last year, and gave him the red-carpet treatment; it was Eisenhower's appetite for showy international conferences that put this latest propaganda opportunity in Khrushchev's grasp; and it was Eisenhower's chronic vacillation that led us first to assert that air reconnaissance of the Soviet Union would continue, and then to promise lamely that it would halt.

As usual, Dwight Eisenhower has tried to have it both ways: to wage the cold war, while winning the applause of those who would have us trust Khrushchev. Now his Administration totters toward its end, and the best we can hope is that the wreck of his policy will serve, like a sunken ship, to mark the deadly reef on which it foundered.

San Francisco, Cal. HARVEY CLIFFORD

Literacy in Mocambique

I am afraid that Mr. Wilson, in his letter to the editor [May 7] misjudges the situation in Moçambique by applying American patterns and notions to a very different situation, to a relationship between Portugal and a Southeast African region.

"Assimilation" only takes place upon request, and the advantages of the status of the *civilizados* (since there is no color bar) are minimal. Who, after all, wants to pay taxes, pay doctors' bills, etc.? "Ambition in life" is not a universal characteristic.

As to the 99 per cent illiterates: these data must be emphatically wrong, as back in 1956 there were no less than 410,000 school children. It is true that elementary education in Moçambique is far from being universal, but we should not forget that in 1940 just one half of Portuguese (seven years and over) were literate. I consider it rather altruistic of the Portuguese colonialists to educate African natives while their job at home is far from being done.

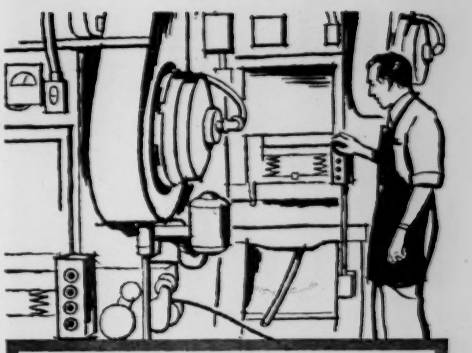
To Mr. Wilson this widely spread illiteracy—at home and in the Portuguese overseas provinces—might be shocking, but it is by no means discriminatory in character. Personally, I am not in the least upset by illiteracy anywhere, and fully share Professor A. Toynbee's indifference to this lack of mastering means which only too often are directed to nefarious ends. Certainly the illiterate Russian Army in the Napoleonic wars was far more civilized than the literate Red Army in the years 1941-1945. The worship of the printed word is one of the worst superstitions of the modern age.

Lans, Austria E. V. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Mr. Kamp Defends Himself

In self-defense I must take issue with Mr. Morrie Ryskind on two important points [May 7]. His friend Ralph de Toledano is not "a first rate journalist" as he claims, else he would not have repeated in his book that old Communist smear about "the destructive Joseph Kamp, a professional salesman of canned hate," a completely false characterization obviously based upon Kamp's alleged anti-Semitism.

Apparently, neither de Toledano nor Ryskind has read Bill Buckley's book, *Up From Liberalism*, in which he writes: "It has been widely insinuated against Joe Kamp that he



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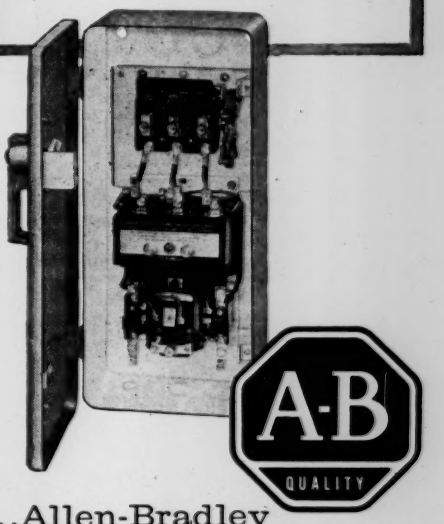

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is an anti-Semite. Attempting to get to the bottom of the charge at the time the (Kamp backing Knowland) story broke, an editor of NATIONAL REVIEW called the offices of the Anti-Defamation League, doyen of anti-Semiticana. An official there, after consulting the files, said the ADL had no data on which to hang the charge." A similar statement was published in the Oct. 4, 1958 issue of the NATIONAL REVIEW *Bulletin*.

On the other hand, Mr. Ryskind is also in error when he writes that "a guy called Joe Kamp offered [Mrs. Knowland] some pamphlets he thought might help: she did not know Joe Kamp from Joe Doakes but she read the pamphlets (which, obviously, contained no racist material) and said, 'Send them on.' She had distributed a handful when the Liberal press descended on her in all its fury. Bill Knowland flew in over the weekend and the pamphlets were withdrawn."

I did not "offer" Mrs. Knowland anything. She wrote me: "When I read the pamphlet, 'Meet the Man Who Plans to Rule America,' written by you, I immediately recognized it as a powerful message . . . I have sent my second personal check for $100 for 500 copies, making 1,000 in all. . . . My purpose in writing you is to see if there is any way a quantity of these pamphlets can be donated. . . ." In response to this letter and further appeals from Mrs. Knowland, I donated 90,000 copies of my booklet for distribution by Knowland campaign workers . . . after "the Liberal press descended on her."

It was also after "Bill Knowland flew in over the weekend" that Mrs. Knowland announced: "I think the result of this tactic might create a demand by people to read 'Meet the Man Who Plans to Rule America.'" While the pamphlet was not "withdrawn," it is true that Senator Knowland did explain that the pamphlet had not and would not be used by his official campaign organization because it did not display a union label. It is to his credit, however, that despite great pressure, he did not repudiate either the pamphlet or its author. He knew the accusations were false. In fact, he denounced "these wild charges" about Kamp and himself as an effort to obscure his opponent's "domination by labor bosses."

Westport, Conn. JOSEPH P. KAMP

Samuel Johnson

It seems ungrateful to pick a bone with Medford Evans' thoughtful and engaging review of my book, *The Politics of Samuel Johnson* [May 7]. But to set his mind at rest, I must state that I emphatically do *not* believe that a "skeptical conservative" is "practically indistinguishable from agnostic 'men of good will.'" If my book did not make this clear, I am sorry; I wanted it to be very clear.

I know it seems odd to couple Johnson (and I'd now be inclined to add Swift) with Hume, Gibbon, Voltaire, and Mencken. But if anything is certain, it is that they all strenuously leaned over backward to avoid giving any impression that they were "men of good will," a class of beings they felt (as I and presumably Mr. Evans do) to be not necessarily, or even very often, men of good will. They all pilloried self-proclaimed, self-congratulatory do-gooders—"When a butcher tells you that his heart bleeds for his country, he has, in fact, no uneasy feeling." They all believed that straight thinking will do more than pious talking toward *écraser l'infâme*—whether the infamy of the slave trade, the exploitation of American Indians, the judicial torturing to death of a Calas in the eighteenth century, or the infamy of mass murders and slave labor camps, of whatever nationality, in the twentieth.

As to just where agnosticism, as opposed to Anglicanism, fits into the picture, I am not at the moment entirely sure. But we have Johnson's own acknowledgment, quoted by Evans, that however it happened—"by chance," said Johnson, admitting himself defeated by the question—Hume *was* a Tory, in the sense that Johnson was. Among contemporary "men of good will" whose political and social philosophy Johnson despised, Bolingbroke was some sort of agnostic, Shaftesbury a question mark, and Soame Jenyns professedly orthodox. No doubt I'll stir up a hornets' nest by noting that Johnson equally despised Edmund Burke's political philosophy, for all Burke's frequent allusions to God in his public pronouncements.

Mr. Evans says that I "neglect the decisive force of religion." I will concede that I am not much interested in studying *religiosity*, of whatever particular label; and I would classify a great deal of what passes today as "agnostic humanitarianism" as a species of religiosity. I have a suspicion that Hume and Gibbon would be as contemptuous of much currently fashionable campus "disbelief" as Johnson and Swift would be of much currently fashionable campus Anglicanism.

Waltham, Mass. DONALD J. GREENE

HAX, FAX, JAX, PAX

(Continued from p. 360)

Waldorf was the Concourse-Plaza) and promised to alleviate the parking problem at Yankee Stadium. Boyishly and modestly, Jack compared himself to FDR. Smiling all the way, he got through the evening and presumably off to well-earned sleep.

No doubt about it. He came, he saw and conquered, not only the Bronx but almost the entire New York convention delegation. Charley Buckley and Joe Sharkey believe that Kennedy can carry a Democratic New York Assembly in with him. Pros all over the country are plugging hard for him, hoping to ride in a herd of lessers and locals on Kennedy's well-tailored coattails. The bandwagon is rolling lickety-split. Ike's father image may well be replaced by Everybody's Nice Kid Brother.

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